

VERMONT LIFE

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VERMONT LIFE

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High Pond Nature Reserve, *four thousand acres of unspoiled wilderness, protected and preserved for all time.*

by RALPH NADING HILL
Photographs by W. DOUGLAS BURDEN



THE REALITY that Vermont's character is changing, failed for years to stir much concern. Perhaps this was because the on-rush of suburbia had as yet done little violence to our landscape and institutions. Now the ranks of the traditionalists have been joined by a small army of natives and outlanders bent, not on retrieving the past, but on saving for the future the best of Vermont today, lest it fall victim to the rampant disease that Wallace Stegner, in a recent issue of *Vermont History*, calls "slurbia."

One of the most heartening developments in this crusade is the Vermont Wild Land Foundation, established by W. Douglas Burden of Charlotte to ensure that some four thousand acres in the Taconic hills west of Brandon will remain forever wild. With the metropolitan complex, as Robert Frost gently put it, "seeping up this way," and its entrepreneurs almost free to "develop" land on their own terms, just the promise that any area will remain forever wild seems sufficient.

Yet the Vermont Wild Land Foundation plans a future even more meaningful and useful. Already it has become a field laboratory where faculty and students of Middlebury College have begun research on problems of interest to them and to Burden, who has devoted much of his life to the study of natural history.

In 1926 he headed an expedition for the American Museum of Natural History to the Dutch East Indies and returned with the now famous dragon lizards of Komodo. With several colleagues he decided in 1936 to bring ashore the mysterious world of the undersea. Two years later, on the Florida coast below St. Augustine, *Marineland*, the prototype of the nation's oceanariums, was opened with Burden as president. His interest in forestry and conservation led him in 1931 to search the back country of Vermont for land with "ponds, waterfalls, swamps, and a great deal of wild woodland—deep forest with some giants still standing."



Middlebury College students set up a field laboratory for ecological studies in the Reserve.

The 950 acres in the townships of Brandon and Sudbury that he secured a year later formed the nucleus of the lands entrusted to the Vermont Wild Land Foundation, though he did not then know that this was what they would become. In a long period of trial and error he lost money, he admits, on turkeys, sheep, geese, dairying, selective lumbering and an inn. Only his ski area remains, and that is of the family variety, an incubation area for young skiers which, fortunately for the Foundation, escapes the limitation of a "development." But this is a small part of the High Pond Nature Reserve, as this tract is now called. How, Burden wondered, could this beautiful wild land be protected and at the same time put to some solid use?

"Obviously I could not pass it on to my four children without inviting serious disagreement. Furthermore, it did not lend itself to being divided up, and since it

would be unfair to leave it all to one, what could I do?

"The ownership of wild acreage involves considerable responsibility. So much of it has been mined by improper use that an increasing obligation rests upon all of us to pass on any beautiful land in better shape than we received it. Are we not, after all, but temporary tenants? As such, is it not incumbent upon us to adopt the Custodian or Trusteeship view? Is this not essential if we are to retain the principle of private ownership?"

Meanwhile Middlebury College had developed a new program concerned with studies of the relationship between the basic rocks, soil and water compounds and the whole complex of life resting thereon, including man. Given the name "Environmental Studies," it penetrates the fields of biology, geology and geography, and is designed to train under-



Separate from the Reserve is Burden's hilltop home, with view of recreation ski area and pond.

graduates in the management of fundamental resources.

From the Middlebury program and from Burden's preoccupation with the values of the wilderness emerged the Vermont Wild Land Foundation, dedicated to research, education and conservation. It has been so constituted that other Vermont natural areas can join with it without losing their separate identities.

The fulfillment of the Foundation's research and educational purposes began with Professor Brewster Baldwin's geologic studies in the Reserve in 1966. A year later Professor Rowland Illick and his students investigated the biological succession in the area, a study that included the recording of soil types, soil moisture, soil and air temperatures, the amount of rainfall and light reaching the forest floor, and the efficiency of plant life in changing radiant energy from the sun into chemical bond energy. These studies

are continuing under Dr. Howard E. Woodin, director of Middlebury's Environmental Studies program.

An old farmhouse near the north entrance to the High Pond Nature Reserve will now contain a library and storage areas for field collections. Living quarters also will be available here and an adjacent barn will contain a laboratory. A well-equipped meteorological station has been set up for the purpose of establishing long-term climatic records. To aid Middlebury in its use of the High Pond facility the National Science Foundation has granted \$6,700, an amount that has been matched by the college.

Independent of the Middlebury program, studies in the efficacy of early applications of a systemic insecticide are being conducted by Elwin F. Leysath, district supervisor of pest control for the department of Forests and Parks. The U.S. Forest Service's Northeast Forest

Experiment Station is investigating the beech scale-nectria fungus complex, just beginning to afflict the beech trees, which are an important part of High Pond's hardwood forest. "The field of forest pests and pest control," according to Leysath, "is replete with problems which use of an area such as the High Pond Nature Reserve may well help solve. Any scientific truths gleaned here will have wide application for the rest of Vermont."

"One of the problems of the entire area comprising the Foundation, and also adjacent acreage, is the swollen deer herd. Until this problem can be brought under control, no worthwhile forest management can result. Despite statements to the contrary by armchair naturalists and others who should know better, anyone with a proper biological understanding of the situation knows we are carrying a deer population of at least twice the capacity of our forest range to support adequately. Meanwhile the deer are doing great damage to the reproduction of the most desirable tree species."

What of the other, and transcendent, purposes of the Vermont Wild Land Foundation—that of an oasis of wilderness? Arthur H. Westing, chairman of biology at Windham College and one of the Foundation's trustees, warns of the disaster threatening the nation and the world from "two intertwined sources; the press of people and the fouling of our environment."

"Unspoiled areas are close to a thing of the past even in regions such as New England, generally considered to be rural. In this age of computerized technology man is losing contact with the very land that supports his life and well-being—this to his unknowing but certain detriment. Urban areas multiply, open areas dwindle, our air and water and land become ever more seriously polluted. We have finally reached a sophistication of technology and a material affluence that permit us to upset the balance of nature in an ecological system as large as the earth."

Burden has written that although High Pond happens to be a forested area typical of New England, "it is not merely trees that we wish to save—not merely trees and shrubs and ferns and mosses and lichens and the whole interwoven fabric of life that belongs to this particular environment. What we need even more to preserve is something much more subtle and elusive, namely the quality of wildness—the very soul of the forest itself—for therein lies the inspiration for all those who are charmed by the urge to penetrate to the heart of things."



Spring-fed waters of High Pond invite Burden's attention, flycasting from Indian birch bark canoe.

"One aspect of High Pond that particularly interests me applies also to many other parts of Vermont and, in fact, to much of New England. It took several thousand years following the Wisconsin Ice sheet to develop the vegetation and soils of our primeval forest. Then, some 10,000 years after the ice departed, the white man came and knocked the forest down and burned it up and created sheep pastures which were inevitably accompanied by topsoil erosion on a prodigious scale. How many generations of trees will it now require to restore the humus that is necessary to produce again the magnificent timber of the past? What cumulative changes in the texture of the soil must take place to grow these giants again? And how long will it take?

"It is my hope that the studies at High Pond will give us a deeper understanding of, and respect for, the fabulously complex workings of nature, and that this in

turn will foster increasing appreciation of our natural world and the wish to preserve it; for until that great day comes when man learns to limit his numbers, wilderness throughout our planet is certain to become an ever scarcer and more valuable entity."

In the Afterword of his 1960 book, *Look to the Wilderness*, Burden quotes the U.S. Forest Service's definition of a wilderness as an area not less than four thousand acres with no road through it. By this definition only two percent of the land of the 48 states (excluding Alaska and Hawaii) applies.

"If every town had a town forest, a section of wild land . . . a place where those in need could revive their spirits by contact with the sources of life—it would be a boon to our race, for many people need the woods far more than they realize. Wild country is a sustaining force to spirits worn down by the wracking

turmoil of too many people. Just the knowledge that it is close at hand to escape to can be a balm to frayed nerves. Between man and nature there is a deep affinity. Though mysterious in quality, nobody can deny its essence. A return to wilderness is tranquility regained, love of wilderness brings exultation. . . .

"How fine it was the other day to see a coyote stalk across one of my fields, and to watch a fox circling some Canada geese that were prepared to give him battle, and how much better still one night when in a blizzard I came up close to a bobcat that had killed three of my sheep. The farm seemed suddenly so wonderfully wild. Thank God for our predators—those that still have the wit to survive against every machination of man. The balance of nature needs them. Man needs them. They add something that nothing else can provide—they make a place *feel* wild. Let us not seek their destruction." 

*Were four hundred and fifty-seven jugs of booze
worth fifty-four years in the clink?*

the sad fate of John O'Neil

by GEORGE G. CONNELLEY

Drawing by GEORGE DALY

VERMONT HORSE RACING is a mixed blessing to Massachusetts. Neighboring Green Mountain Park furnishes an exciting pastime, but the traffic is an expensive menace. Vermont liquor on the contrary is a delightful bargain to nearby residents of New York and Massachusetts.

It has not always been this way, for Vermont like Maine used to be bone dry, with most of its cheer coming by dark of night from wicked New Yorkers. This so disturbed the W.C.T.U. they finally decided to take action.

The day after Christmas 1882, J.P. Cain, a grand juror of Rutland, made a written complaint to Justice of the Peace Wayne Bailey, that John O'Neil of Whitehall, New York, did "sell and furnish intoxicating liquor" in violation of Vermont law. O'Neil was arrested and pleaded not guilty.

This jolly traffic by a commercial Samaritan had been going on for three years, for O'Neil was a hospitable Hibernian with a flourishing wine and liquor business over the line in Washington County, N.Y. He was the darling of tippling Vermonters in Manchester, East Dorset and Rutland, and his method was as innocent as it was open.

Customers could order by express or mail, if they were *in extremis* by telegraph. Express was a favorite of old soaks who simply gave O'Neil's handsome jug to the National Express Co. in Rutland to have it returned from Whitehall filled with hooch. This gay looking bit of crockery displayed the name and business of O'Neil, so that rum running across the border was hardly secretive. Knowing drinking folks, O'Neil's sole caution was that most of his orders went C.O.D.

But Vermont's liquor laws were stern, denying the right to "sell, furnish or give away intoxicating liquors." This was the delight of prohibitionists, the clergy and bootleggers. Cider was exempt on the grounds that it was used for commun-

ion. For the better prevention of scandal the prohibition did not extend to tippling in private homes. But the word "give" in the statute forbade guzzling by persons at public celebrations, Fourth of July, barn raising and firemen's musters. The word "furnish" applied to persons bringing liquor into the state for sale. For each offense the first conviction was \$10 plus costs; the second was \$20 and one month in prison; the third and subsequent convictions, \$20 and not less than three or more than six months in jail.

It was on the number of offenses that John O'Neil came a cropper. For the vigilant drys laid almost 500 cases (if not jugs) before the Justice of the Peace. He found O'Neil guilty of four hundred and fifty-seven such offenses and levied a fine of \$9140 and \$472.96 costs. In addition O'Neil was to be "confined at hard labor in the Rutland House of Correction for the term of a month, and in case such fine and costs were not paid on or before the expiration of one month he should be confined at hard labor for a term of 28,836 days." That's 79 years.

O'Neil appealed to the county court where a jury found him guilty. County Judge Veazey weighed the sentence. A colonel in Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock's Army of the Potomac, Wheelock G. Veazy was credited with having stopped Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. A grateful President Harrison later appointed him to the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a judge he had none of the charity of Solomon, for he held O'Neil must serve a reduced fifty-four years if his fine were not paid. So the poor fellow appealed to the Supreme Court in Montpelier.

Seven judges heard such worthies as J.C. Baker for O'Neil, Prout and Walker for the express company and W.C. Dutton and L.H. Thompson for the state. O'Neil's chief argument was that the sale took place in New York; hence Vermont had no jurisdiction. But Chief

Judge Homer E. Royce for a unanimous court upheld the sentence. He reasoned the place of sale was determined by the intention of the parties, and since the liquor was sent C.O.D. there was a condition precedent attached to the sale: neither party expected it to be completed until the buyer gave his money in Vermont to the Rutland express agent. O'Neil had no intention of relinquishing title to the liquor when he gave it to the express man. It was as if goods were intrusted to a clerk with instructions not



to turn the package over until he got the money. One might speculate further and say if the liquor had been destroyed in transit, surely the Vermont purchasers would not be expected to pay for it.

In desperation O'Neil appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court with a new argument. The 8th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution forbids "cruel and unusual punishments" as does the Constitution of Vermont. This argument appealed to Mr. Justice Field. For many pages he waxed indignant that Vermont should give "fifty-four years at hard labor for these transactions which no power of human intellect can accurately describe as anything but interstate commerce." Such punishment, he opined, was comparable to "torture, the rack or thumb-screw"; moreover this was "six times as great as any Vermont court could have imposed for manslaughter, forgery, perjury and greater than the maximum for burglary or highway robbery."

As a transplanted New Englander, Field found another of O'Neil's argu-

ments that appealed to him: that the transaction was interstate commerce and as such federal jurisdiction took precedence over Vermont. "Orders are sent all over the country," he wrote; "to California for fruits and wine, to Kentucky for whiskies . . . and amazement would strike the large class of merchants engaged in transmitting goods from one portion of the country to another, if they were told that they were thereby rendered liable to the penal statutes of the states to which the goods were sent in compliance with the orders of the purchasers." He further reasoned if the contract had merely been initiated in New York and not consummated until the goods reached Vermont, this was indeed interstate commerce. Justice Field's nephew, Justice Brewer, and Justice Harlan, grandfather of the present Justice Harlan agreed. But the majority of the court took a dim view of this reasoning.

The majority agreed with the Vermont court that this was not interstate commerce and brushed off the cruel and unusual punishment argument. This was

merciful relief, for in those balmy days of relatively few cases the nine Washington solons were prone to prolixity if not high wind.

By contrast Vermont opinions were models of epitome. Chief Judge Royce had served in Congress for two terms and, though he had spoken only twice, he was known as "The Silver Tongued Vermonter." His sole reply to cruel and unusual punishment was that if the penalty had been for a single offense the argument might have merit, but O'Neil had committed "a great number of offenses." Such brevity typified the best Vermont tradition, illustrated by the story of the Vermont judge in the barber's chair. "How would you like your hair cut, judge?" inquired the barber. "In silence," replied his honor.

As to the fate of John O'Neil we know only that after the U.S. Supreme Court had spoken, he became Prisoner #3567 in Rutland's House of Correction. How long he had to remain in durance vile is lost in antiquity.



George Russell, M. D., *dean of Vermont country doctors and*

pre-eminent collector of Vermontiana.

by GERALD RAFTERY

Photographs by S. BULLATY & A. LOMELO

The sudden passing of Dr. Russell last May came during the final preparations of this article. George Russell's long and valuable life as a beloved country doctor of the old school, as well as his extensive collection of Vermont papers, remain as fitting legacies and lasting memorials of a great Vermonter.

ALL OF US have wished at one time or another that we had been a little more foresighted. We tend to dream about it. Where would we be today if we had only bought A.T.T. stock in the twenties — if we had bought I.B.M. in the thirties — if we had bought Long Island potato fields in the forties.

Seventy-five years ago, Dr. George Russell showed foresight of a much more unselfish kind. He decided as a boy of twelve that he wanted to put together the finest collection of Vermontiana in New England. Today he is still adding to that collection, which last year he donated to the Martha Canfield Memorial Free Library in Arlington.

Among its innumerable — and sometimes uncataloged — treasures, he lists such items as the bond which five leading citizens of Arlington signed back in 1790 to release Remember Baker's son, Ozi, from the jail in Bennington. He was confined there for a debt of 107 pounds, 14 shillings and one penny, and as was the custom of the time this debt rose slightly each day with the addition of his board at the jail. The people of Arlington thought he ought to be released, at least temporarily, to attend a wedding — because it was his own wedding.

Another prize is Dr. Russell's collection of more than 300 account books from stores and mills and farms all over the area. They go back to the beginnings of the state and portray a valuable cross-section of pioneer life. Paper was often scarce in those days, and frequently the writers would supplement the financial details of each day with some

comments on local events, or the unusual weather; this made them part diary, part journal, part newspaper.

Often the entries are revealing. A November, 1770, note — "to bords for scollhouse 0-2-6" betrays how badly the community needed a "scollhouse."

But the library itself is inseparable from the personality of Dr. Russell, because George Russell is a truly educated man. His education has never stopped since the days when his Quaker parents started teaching him at home. He had read most of Shakespeare before he started school at the advanced age of seven, and his education continued from there, as much at home and in the Monkton Library, which his father founded, as in school.

But his learning concerned more than books. At the age of twelve, he began working away from home all through the spring and summer for nearby farmers. An active boy could make money from many sources; spruce gum sold for 40¢ a pound, and ginseng root brought \$5 a pound. Once he drew his year's salary and invested \$50 in a patch of swamp; over the next few winters, he cut \$500 worth of cedar from that piece. This was a sizable sum, because he figures that prices have risen four-fold since then.

This early activity gave him a great love for the outdoors; he still enjoys the woods and the fields but they seem rather lonely today in contrast to the years of his youth when they were alive with game. He still spends every weekend he can at his camp on Cedar Lake, which he occasionally calls by its earlier name of Monkton Pond. Since tourism has grown so much, he notes with a grin, all these ponds have been up-graded to lakes.

Most of what he earned, he put away for his education — he was the oldest of eight children — but some he spent on himself, which usually meant books. An

early purchase was a copy of Conant's *Vermont*, the first printing of a history textbook which later went through more than seven editions.

It was this rather pedestrian text which inspired the life-long interest of young George Russell in the history of his area. From then on, books on Vermont and New England in general became his main hobby.

Today his collection includes not only that first volume, but also a copy of every city, town, county and state history which has ever been published in or about Vermont; in addition, he has many town histories from New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut. This is a formidable array. Vermont can boast that it is the most historicized state in the nation. More chronicles of its past have been published than on any other state, and the Russell collection has them all — from Crockett and Hemenway on through the alphabet to Wilbur and Williams.

Looking back on 75 years and more of collecting, Dr. Russell recalls some of the mistakes he made, but he learned from all of them. In his younger days, he found that he was acquiring some books of no real value, so he stopped buying for a while and devoted his spare hours to study. Through perusing bibliographies, visiting historical libraries, and scanning publishers' and specialists' catalogs, he came to know his chosen field thoroughly. The catalogs were sometimes the hardest to get; in those days sales literature had not reached the flood proportions we know today, and it required skill and timing to buy just enough books from the dealers to keep them sending their catalogs.

Meanwhile, he was educating himself in many other ways. When he was 14, he found a Hebrew Bible with a vocabulary and a grammar among some old books, and he taught himself the rudiments of that language. He finished Bristol High School in two years, thanks to his par-

ents and the steady use of the Monkton Library. The habit of study has stayed with him, and he keeps up-to-date on a wide range of medical literature as well as current events and the world of his hobby.

His parents were at the root of this love of learning, and he still speaks of their gentleness and high principles. He did manage to anger his father once, though, when he and a younger brother taught one of his fine Morgan horses to jump fences. Dr. Russell served in the Cavalry at one time during his 12 years of active and reserve service, but he still recalls his father's Morgan, Jack, as the best jumper he ever rode. In fact, Jack became so skilful at the sport that he was thereafter seldom available for any purpose whatever.

Always he kept busy at his collecting, even while working his way through the University of Vermont by, among other things, working as a trolley car conductor in Boston during the summer. The pay of 30¢ an hour was considered good money then.

After medical school, he began the practice of his profession up-state in 1906, and in 1911 he moved to Arlington. The town took the brilliant young doctor to its heart; here was a man who never stopped learning, and his skill made a big difference in an age when smallpox and tuberculosis were still great scourges. He spent every short vacation in study somewhere to widen his scope, and he became one of the charter members of the American Academy of General Practice.

The news of his interest in old books and Vermontiana spread rapidly, and many of his patients were able to add to his collection. Perhaps an accumulation of old papers and letters was overflowing an attic, or lying forgotten in a corner of a shed. Sometimes the home place was being sold by an old couple moving to the city to be near their children. Dr. Russell was interested in old things and they were glad to give him the accumulated letters and account books, the miscellany of diaries and papers and clippings and journals of several lifetimes.

His original idea of the collection was a modest one — something on the order of 100 books of history, with perhaps 1500 pamphlets on the progress of Vermont in transportation, in agriculture, in trade and industry, in religion and education, and so on. Today, neither Dr. Russell nor Postmaster Jim McCabe

who works with him on studying and cataloging the library can hazard more than a guess on how many items the library contains.

Its treasures in photographs, handbills, programs, tickets, notes of hand, manuscripts, genealogies, posters, drawings, deeds, maps and such are uncounted and unclassified. And things keep coming in; just recently a neighbor brought in an old necktie-box containing two folded documents her family had kept for generations; one was signed by Brigham Young, and the other by President James Monroe.

In the matter of autographs, the library has the signatures of every Vermont governor except one (Paul Brigham, who served only a few months). It has the local soldiers' rolls of every American conflict since the French & Indian War, plus gravestone records and vital statistics. It has all the papers of the Stratton Turnpike, when that road over the mountain was the main route from Boston to Saratoga Springs. It has more

than a hundred waybills of the four local stagecoach lines, each listing a passenger's point of origin and destination, as well as all the orders, ticket reports and correspondence of the first years of the Rutland R.R.'s operations in Arlington.

Much of Dr. Russell's knowledge is stored in his head, however, for he has travelled and talked widely with many Vermonters of his own generation and his elders. He has a striking knowledge of the countryside and its history, which he has often put to practical use. At one time, he and a friend spent weeks touring the area to straighten out the glebelands situation for the benefit of St. James' Episcopal Church, of which he has been a vestryman for more than a half century.

For years he had difficulty finding room for his collection. He has lived at different times in two of the oldest houses in Arlington. One had been a huge stagecoach inn, and the other, the home of the town clerk, and in each



Dr. Russell works at the Library on the huge, priceless collection. Old desk was his grandfather's.

house his accumulation of books and papers had overflowed four rooms.

In 1954, when the people of Arlington wanted to celebrate his 75th birthday, they collected a purse of nearly \$4,000 to help him build a permanent home for his collection. He located the structure as an addition to the Arlington Community House, which also holds the Martha Canfield Library.

At the time, it seemed like an adequate arrangement, but the collection has grown — and in the nature of things it will continue to grow. Many of its items must be added to each year. The minutes of the town meetings is one example, of which the library has transcripts all the way back to 1762, the year Arlington was organized — at a meeting held in Pownal. The file of the laws of Vermont, which goes back to 1790, will grow automatically. The reports of the State Legislature cover 115 years now, and they are still coming out. Here also are all the copies in order of *The Vermont Yearbook*, along with the plump little calfbound volumes of its predecessor, back to 1809.

Dr. Russell has received many honors in his more than 60 years of active

practice, but they sit lightly on his broad shoulders. He tends to talk more proudly of his coups in book-finding and historical research — of the times he has outwitted coat-tail-riders at country auctions who always leaped into the bidding when he showed interest in a batch of old books or papers — or of the minor points of historical fact he has straightened out by diligent digging into old documents.

The account book of David Mallory, young settler who was killed in Arlington's only armed clash in the Revolution, pinpoints one event of his time when he notes on Feb. 12, 1774 "to a day lost going to see Huf whipt" — obviously the Rev. Benjamin Hough, flogged by the Green Mountain Boys for accepting a York State appointment as justice.

But the record shows a remarkable list of professional honors and achievements — a member of the first board of directors of The American Academy of General Practice and its first honorary member, a Fellow of the American Medical Association, an honorary degree from U.V.M., three times voted "General Practitioner of the Year" by the Vermont Medical Society. But he is much more than an ordinary G.P.; his

years of spare-time study have given him an amazing list of specialties — dermatology, for which people travel a hundred miles to consult him, orthopedics, physical therapy (he is a member of the American Association of Physical Therapists). He has been a member of the staff of three hospitals in his area, and for one 30-year period made a daily visit to Putnam Memorial Hospital, in Bennington.

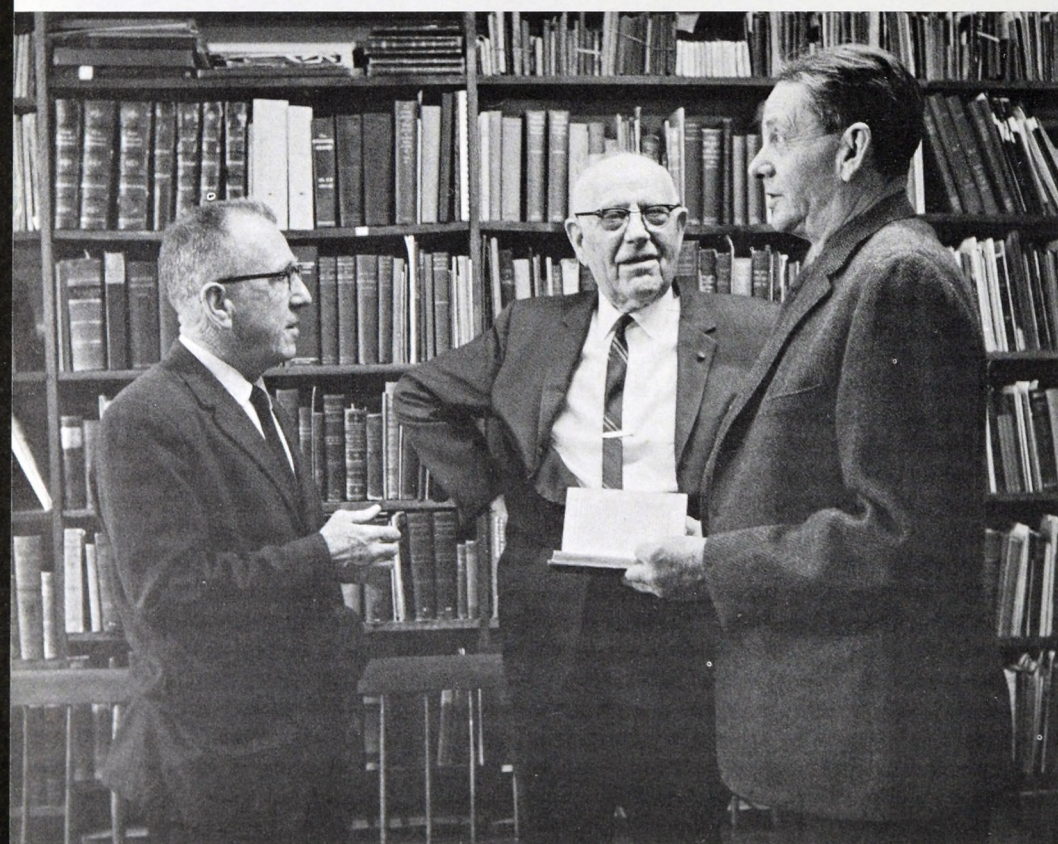
He doesn't talk about such things, though. He is more likely to recall his service overseas in World War I, when he vaccinated some 300,000 soldiers — 700 of them on a storm-tossed troopship — or his experience in re-designing the Army shoe which seemed built especially to produce blisters, or his achievement in bringing his regiment through the flu epidemic without the loss of a man. He left the service as a major, turning down a lieutenant-colonelcy because of the paperwork it might entail.

It is safe to say that Dr. Russell's face is familiar to more Americans than that of any other doctor, thanks to a friend and patient, Norman Rockwell. Twenty years ago, Rockwell painted him in his office with a family group of patients, and the portrait, "A Family Doctor," appeared in a two-page spread in *The Saturday Evening Post*, along with another double-page section showing Dr. Russell in such typical activities as applying a stethoscope to a small chest, applying a landing net to a hooked trout, and applying his sturdy common sense to a community problem on the floor of a town meeting. The American Medical Association picked up the picture and distributed more than 40,000 copies across the country, so that his image is what comes to mind today when many people think of a family doctor.

But he doesn't like to discuss these things. He is more apt to tell about the time his father put one over on him. He had visited the old gentleman one day and found him nursing a bad cut on the head which he had gotten, working around the farm. Russell dressed it and warned him sternly to see a local doctor because he wouldn't be back himself for a week or two.

When he returned to the farm for his next visit, he examined the cut and found it had healed beautifully. "Your doctor did a good job!" he nodded.

"Doctor, my eye!" growled his father. "I treated it myself with horse liniment, and if you'd use more of that you'd have better results!"



In crowded Library: author Rafiery, left, Doctor, James McCabe, postmaster, Library treasurer.



A procession of horse-drawn old carts and wagons follow in the opening parade. Spectators, below, give it varying degrees of attention.

*North Country people
celebrate a gala country fair and
home town reunion at the*

Sheffield Field Day

by PETER MILLER

Photographs by the writer

Sheffield's Field Day is supposed to have begun in 1906 when a group of boys gathered in a local pasture for games, and their parents and friends tagged along to cheer. Since then the celebration has progressed steadily: from a flagpole dedication with speeches and a picnic; to baseball games starring the Sheffield Clippers; to car tours to the White Mountains or Jay Peak; to the present Field Day — 14 hours of parades, pony rides, midway activities, vegetable, flower and fancywork displays and judging, horse pulling, a concert, then a chicken barbecue and an evening square dance.

The Field Day begins Labor Day morning at 10:00 on the north end of Sheffield's main street. Constables stop traffic at both ends of the town and, to the music of the band of Lyndon Institute, the nearby town school which Sheffield teenagers attend, the parade begins. All the town's children are costumed to the teeth. They strut, roll or jog by on pony back past the judging stand in front of the town hall.

Following them are the horseback riders, most of them on western saddles and in western clothes; then a long

ON LABOR DAY the Vermont sky usually is a deep crisp blue and the cool air hints of fall. It's fitting weather for the annual Field Day that is held in Sheffield, one of the sparsely populated (350) communities folded within the rolling countryside of Caledonia county in the Northeast Kingdom.

Field Days and their first cousin Old Home Days are a Vermont tradition, when neighbors, friends and relatives can get together and put on "quite a do," as it's spoken of the next day. Those former residents who have moved away have a good excuse to "go back home and visit."





For the men, much of the afternoon fun lies in the horsedrawing contests. Between events, below, there's time to look over the teams and to swap yarns.





quiet contrast, ladies may be found examining the fancywork displays at the town hall.

procession of old-time wagons and carts, one with a goat following behind; vintage cars; the fire truck and a backhoe. At last come the floats, decorated with flowers and crepe paper and displaying vignettes of village life, as prepared by the 4-H, the Grange, Modern Woodsmen of America, the Sunday School, the Village School and the two ladies' clubs, the Onamo and the Diligent Dames. The long parade regroups at the south end of town, then marches back past the judging stand, where blue ribbons are passed out to the winning floats.

As the parade ends, another set of judges takes over in the white-walled town hall. In frowning silence they pass out more ribbons — for displays of prize vegetables, arrangements of flowers and for knitting, crocheting and rug-making.

Separated by the street from the seriousness of the town hall, the midway — every booth built and managed by a Sheffield resident — offers bingo, pony rides, rummage sales and pitch games.

At noon the town hall's basement is opened for dinner — barbecued chick-

en, salad, cakes and pies, \$1.25 for adults, 75¢ for children. The chicken is cooked with a secret sauce which has gained the dinner a wide reputation. The 350 half-chickens ordered last year weren't enough to feed all the customers.

A major part of the afternoon is taken over by the horse-drawing, held behind the midway in a small pasture half circled by a steep bank where spectators on blankets and folding chairs watch the events. Farmers and woodsmen from Sheffield and nearby communities test the skill and strength of the horses and ponies. Teams pull in three categories — pony, 2800-pound class and 3000-pound class — and their goal is to pull as many concrete blocks as they can move in a distance of six feet. Best pull last year was by David Mitchell of West Burke Road, who works his team in the woods. His horses pulled 8500 pounds, no record but a fine pull. Kenneth Flood, coordinator of the event, called it "a real horse pull on dirt. We don't do what they do at the bigger fairs," he said, "and pull on slick clay."





Al fresco dining was enjoyed by some while listening to country music and Bill Royer, above. Carol Goldstein, right, led children in snake dance, following



As the horse-pulling drew to a close, a trio of country musicians gathered in front of the town hall, floor-thumped their rhythm and played requests from the audience. Old timer Bill Royer of Barton, who never learned to read a note of music, fiddled a happy, catchy, twangy beat.

The naturalness of the country music gave way to a performance by two of the few summer residents in town, Malcolm and Carol Goldstein, who have a log cabin here and live in New York, where he teaches violin and she ballet.

Malcolm gave a violin recital and his wife followed with a modern dance, and then impishly led the young people in an improvised dance down main street and through the midway.

After the concert was over and the horse-pulling finished up, residents returned to their homes to welcome friends or adjourned to the improvised



band Malcolm's violin recital.

outdoor restaurant for supper. But by eight o'clock the town hall was thumping again to the beat of square dancers, who cooled off between sets on the lighted midway. Not until midnight, when the town hall was closed, was the Sheffield Field Day officially over for another year.

Since 1948, when Field Day was permanently settled on Labor Day, there has been little change in the events, although the popularity has grown. This past year about 1,000 people came to the Day, and the town was wealthier from the fun. From a more practical viewpoint the town raised \$1,300 to help support the school hot lunch program, the fire department, the street light fund and building improvements. And as Milton Peck, the town's storekeeper said, "That's pretty good and pretty important for a small town like ours."



Everyone's familiar with such wild flowers
as jack-in-the-pulpit and Indian paint brush
but few know where to

meet the Strange Ones

by CHARLES CLEVELAND JOHNSON
with photographs by the author and
illustrations by ROBERT CANDY

WANT a sensational headline like *Plant eats man?* Well, a couple of generations ago lurid articles appeared in Sunday supplements with illustrations of a lush blonde maiden trapped in the sinuous tentacles of "The Man-Eating Tree of Madagascar."

Men of science have never found that tree. But they have found there are more than 450 kinds of plants in this world that do eat "animals," none, fortunately, the size of a woman.

In this world-wide distribution of carnivorous plants, some live in trees, some thrive under water, some live on land. America is well represented with some of the most amazing of all such plants that generally choose wet areas, sphagnum bogs, swamps and brook-sides for their residence.

Generally speaking these wet areas lack nitrogen in their soil, a basic element for plant growth. But the carnivorous plants secure a balanced diet anyway.

These amazing plants, through remarkable and intricate devices, trap and digest or absorb the remains of insects or other animal matter to fill their needs for nitrogen, phosphorous, and potassium.

In America these Strange Ones occur widely distributed in five general groupings:

The *Pitcher Plants* range from East Texas far north to central Canada and eastward to Labrador and Newfoundland. A related but very different *Cobra Plant* occurs only in northern California and southwestern Oregon.

Sundews, too, of several species are widely distributed.

Butterwort grows from sub-Arctic regions through to Florida.

Bladderworts of many kinds have tremendous range—some species being circumpolar in distribution.

Most limited in range is the *Venus fly-trap* which grows only in the general vicinity of Wilmington, N. C.

If you're unfamiliar with and want to make the acquaintance of these characters, here are a few tips: Our Northern Pitcher Plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*) thrives in sphagnum bogs. One Butterwort, (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) is at home on wet rocks in cold areas. The Sundews grow in wet swamp soil (where other plants find living difficult), on the edge of bogs, on ditch sides where other vegetation is sparse, and (a favorite habitat) on dead stumps and fallen logs in swamp areas. Bladderworts, depending on the species, may float free on the surface near the edges of small ponds, or grow as terrestrials in mud or muck at swamp margins, or even thrive in

eight species of the true Pitcher Plant do exactly that. Honey glands, said to have the odor of violets, are strategically placed on the Pitcher leaves to attract insects. These glands become more abundant near the accessible point of entry at the Pitcher's rim and are irresistible just inside that rim. Some species are so prolific in production of the bait as to form tiny droplets of the substance to make the lure still more effective. A fly or ant at the Pitcher's rim *has* to reach that "biggest apple" just inside, and teeters uncertainly on that slippery-side. The trap's ingenious construction has flexible, downward-pointing hairs within the Pitcher, Mr. Fly gets in



Butterwort's leaves curl over their victims.



Bladderwort traps are only a fifth inch long.

generally acid pools as submerged aquatics where only their blossom stalks rise above the water surface.

I was about twelve years old when I came upon my first Pitcher Plants at the edge of a small swamp in New Hampshire. Since that day it has been my privilege to become intimately acquainted with and to photograph in their native habitat every species of Pitcher Plant in America. Each has its own beauty. Each has its own special features for luring, trapping and digesting its insect prey. For all of the

(and very easily) but he can't get out. And into a liquid at the Pitcher's base he falls.

Just above the liquid level, the Pitcher leaf is devoid of hairs, a glaucous smooth surface impeding any attempt to crawl out, and should the fly negotiate this surface he encounters a higher barrier of stiff, downward-pointing bristles which will stop further progress.

And that "hell-brew" he fell into? It is said to contain both a narcotic and a digestive enzyme that first renders the fly immobile and then digests it almost exactly as do our own stomach juices. In addition,

an antiseptic substance is produced in at least some of these *Sarracenias* that prevents bacterial decay until digestion is complete.

This trap, as I've described it, seems a miracle, but there is more. For the mature leaves of the Pitcher Plants wear brilliant colors near their tops that are presumed to add further attraction.

The fully matured *S. purpurea* has rich red markings in the upper area of the leaves and around the entrance rim. At least six other species have lid arrangements and color schemes designed to attract. One has the lid almost covering the pitcher mouth and, to compensate for a darkened interior, the lid and the leaf areas behind it have many translucent windows to let a pleasantly diffused light flood the "dining room."

Pitcher Plants take their living from ants, flies, bugs, moths, gnats, spiders, larvae of many kinds, occasional small butterflies and other insects. I recently inspected the Pitchers in a bog where almost every mature leaf contained one or more centipedes, some still alive. The remains of small lizards and frogs also have been found in Pitchers.

But believe it or not, there are insects that make *their* living in, on and from these same plants. One type of spider frequents our common *purpurea*. The Pitcher attracts the insects and Mr. Spider pounces on them at the Pitcher's rim. One small tree-toad sometimes perches in the mouth of a Pitcher to earn his living. And there's a small chameleon that lives similarly. Among the most amazing Pitcher Plant associates is a small and harmless northern mosquito that lays its eggs in the Pitcher "liquor." Its larvae hatch and grow to maturity there, getting their food from the Pitcher Plant's partly digested victims, hibernating through the winter in ice that forms in the Pitcher leaves, and producing in their own bodies enzymes that make them impervious to their host's narcotic and digestive ferments. Actually a number of species of moths, gnats and flies lay their eggs within the Pitchers, some off-spring living on the green tissue of Pitcher leaves, while other species actually live as the larvae of the mosquito described!

Our American *Sundews* comprise only a handful of the world's ninety species. One Australian giant of the clan has a yard long stalk and showy blossom panicles that remind me of primroses. By comparison, our most common native might be covered entirely by a silver dollar.

Small it may be, but this midget commands recognition, for it may wear a thousand diamonds as its normal decoration. Each leaf pad of a healthy plant bears on its upper surface and pad margins perhaps 200 tiny green tentacles, each tipped with a bright red gland which secretes a clear mucilaginous droplet to glisten in the sun. The glue is so strong that even large insects are quickly rendered immobile. Slowly—ever so slowly, after the insect has wandered onto a leaf surface, those tentacles bend toward him, reach him and engulf him with their many arms. The leaf, too, begins to curl in from the margins, creating a little cup. It's like animated flypaper.

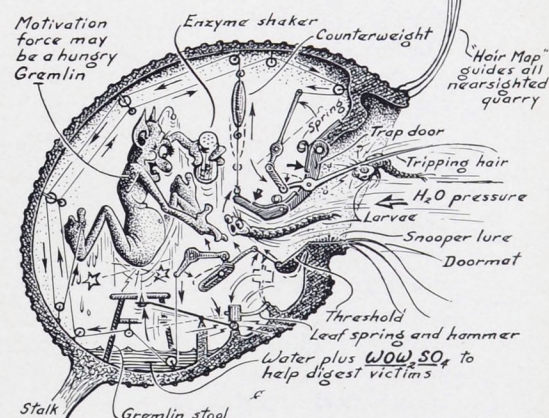
New and strange things take over. Now the plant glands secrete both in acid and a digestive enzyme—the dinner begins. Eventually only a shell may remain, for these ferments and succeeding actions will dissolve and devour even cartilage and bone; only chitin, hair, and quills are relatively unaffected.

While all this takes place, some antiseptic compound may have been secreted to prevent decay during the digestion. And then, when the nutriment of the insect body has been absorbed by the plant leaves, together with all excess acid and digestive fluid, when only the shell remains—then slowly, oh so slowly, the tentacles relax, the pad flattens out, and in due time the leaf (now with an *alkaline* surface) returns to its original position, each tentacle now properly arranged and ready for other insect visitors. Rain will not cause the tentacles to start their closing. It is only nitrogenous matter in actual contact with the plant leaf that stimulates tentacle motion, acid and enzyme secretion.

Here's another oddity. Who would ever think of a plant stalking its prey, even one of these Strange Ones? Yet—one scientist finds that Sundew leaves seem to possess a sense of smell for when an insect is pinned a half inch from a Sundew leaf, that leaf, within an hour or so, will begin to bend toward the insect. Almost eerie, isn't it? Here again, as in the Pitcher Plants, is a visual lure in the bright color and the sparkling jeweled tentacles.

There are other native Sundews, but the one described above (*rotundifolia*), and another (*intermedia*) that grows somewhat like a miniature tree skeleton with its pads at the branch terminals, have small white or pink flowers a quarter inch in diameter; and though several buds may be borne on a blossom stalk that is perhaps ten inches high, only one or two will

Improbable, complex operation of Utricularia's bladder trap—with the artist's apologies to Lloyd, Czaja, Merl, Hegner, Kruck, Hada, Luetzelburg and Rube Goldberg.



bloom simultaneously and they are quite inconspicuous compared with the plants. Both of these species are wide ranging. One other species, the Thread-Leaf Sundew (*filiformis*), has much more showy flowers, is quite abundant in the South and reaches Cape Cod.

Butterwort, still another genus of the carnivorous group, has about thirty species distributed through the northern hemispheres of the old and new worlds. Several species, with lovely yellow or violet flowers, grow in various wet locations of our South, and one beauty with

a rich violet blossom occurs throughout much of Canada and across the Northern border of the United States. This Strange One (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) I have photographed in a wet rock-cleft on Lake Superior's North Shore and know of its habitat on Mt. Mansfield and elsewhere.

This plant has a thick rosette of pale green oval leaves with up-curved margins, which give the leaves almost a triangular appearance. They are greasy to the touch since glands on margins and surface secrete a sticky substance. Other glands exude a fungus-like odor which seems to attract the tiny insect prey which then are trapped on the sticky surfaces. Then the leaf edges curl in very, very slowly over the victims. Acid and digestive enzymes are secreted and the nutriment is absorbed in much the same manner as with the Sundew. Slowly then the leaves return to their original plane.

There is nothing spectacular about this genus; it's a real slowpoke, but it is interesting because of a completely different technique of leaf operation, without tentacles, and the trap *is* efficient! Charles Darwin once counted 142 insects trapped by 32 leaves—one leaf containing the remains of 30. All *Pinguiculas* would deserve recognition as handsome wild-flowers. That they are also members of The Strange Ones, I feel is a bonus.

Now let's examine a *special* member of our botanical marvels which Darwin called, "Most Wonderful Plant in the World." This is *Dionaea muscipula*—the *Venus'-flytrap*, found only in a small coastal segment of the Carolinas. It's *special* because of its limited distribution and because it has no close relatives. But Darwin's enthusiasm had other foundation. It was that *trap*!

Each plant consists of a rosette of leaves (up to six across) that spread more or less horizontally from a base stalk. If one took two objects a bit larger and slightly more elongate than 5-cent pieces, cropped one-third from a side of each, and then placed the cropped sides together, he could approximate the size and shape of each Flytrap leaf. Here is the basis for the trap. The end of each leaf-stalk is firmly joined to the connected segments of each such pair of spring-hinged spheroids. Mature and healthy leaves assume a trap or "set" position with the pairs of connected segments almost fully open (about 150 degrees) and suspended in various postures above the ground level. Though the leaf stalks are generally green, the traps are a brilliant, shiny red that appear stippled like fine

leather. At the outer margin of each leaf segment, 15 or more thin, stiff, sharp green spikes or "teeth" project about three-eighths of an inch upward and slightly *in* on either side.

On that bright red leaf surface three or sometimes four dark trigger hairs project from each lobe. At the base of each of the marginal "teeth," glands secrete a sweet liquor that is attractive to insects. (Here again we have both visual and olfactory bait.)

No one yet knows exactly what furnishes the spring in this lethal trap. An



Vermont Sundews are small as a silver dollar.

ant attracted by color or odor or both ventures onto a leaf blade. If he's typical, he stops at the sweet baits and eventually, in his meandering, touches a trigger hair—and nothing happens. But let him touch that hair again (Touch any two trigger hairs, or touch one twice. "The plant actually counts," says Ross Hutchins.) and Mr. Ant has had it! In less than half a second the leaf lobes snap shut, those marginal teeth over-lapping and creating an almost impenetrable barrier to escape. Only very small insects can squeeze through the "iron curtain," and only very large insects have strength enough to force their way out.

To all other insects, it's the story with which you're now familiar. Glands secrete acid and digestive juices; and all that is nutriment is absorbed and converted into the stuff of life for this and succeeding Flytrap generations. Then in slow-motion—it's almost a satisfied yawn—the lobes

re-open and the trap resets to await another meal.

One reason that so few of us have a first-hand acquaintance with the intricacies of *Bladderwort* (the *Utricularia* clan) is that its traps are so tiny. Blossoms of several are quite large and showy, whether you find them in water or on land; but those traps are small indeed, for each "digestion machine" bladder including this tiny trap at its entrance is no more than one-fifth inch in size. Isn't it miraculous that the most efficient trap on earth should be so small? Each plant has many of these bladder traps as nourishment providers. But it is a darned nuisance if one has to use a microscope just to look at the details of a common plant. If we're patient, though, I'm sure that one day marvelous motion pictures will record exactly what happens—in magnifications that will be thrilling to behold.

The Bladderworts are a plant genus of about 275 species with practically worldwide distribution. Some tropical, epiphytic species that are entirely rootless, live in trees and are propagated here as greenhouse exotics since their large showy flowers rival the orchids among which they grow. And there's a South American "free-loader" which thrives as the *guest* of a large Brazilian Air Plant living exclusively within the reservoirs of water formed by the junctures of this Air Plant's leaves with its stalk.

American species offer variety, too. Some float free on pond and pool surfaces. Some are anchored while still living in water. Still others live in semi-submerged fashion, and some are terrestrial in their habit.

Showy blossoms range from yellow through violet to purple and vary greatly in size depending on the species. *Cornuta* (one of the land dwellers) has bright yellow blossoms larger than most violets. *Purpurea*, whose blossom is raised above the water from submerged plant, is, of course, a rich violet-purple and is found in dense masses. The common *inflata* (of the free floating group) boasts a cluster of bright yellow blooms that rise on a stalk from a radial, leaf-covered float a few inches above the water.

But it is the bladders and traps that make these plants especially intriguing.

For these traps operate at amazing speed, and their structures vary in many species. The actual motive power for the traps is still largely a mystery. Furthermore, there are serious visual problems with Bladderwort research. This is particu-

larly true of the underwater species where tiny bladders one-eighth to one-fifth of an inch in diameter are attached to stalks near leaf junctions. The bladders are tiny themselves; how much more tiny must be their captives!

I thought: in this day of miniaturization, what if another Edison were to announce that he had produced a trap for mosquito and other insect larvae at the entrance of a receptacle one-fifth of an inch or smaller in size that would operate untouched by man? It would provide bait and enticement, a fool-proof triggering device, a mechanical opening and closing of the trap door in a fraction of a second, a built-in disposal unit, the automatic re-setting of the trap, and, he might add, was *indestructible*!

I particularly like that word *indestructible* because as long as there are Bladderworts there will still be such traps, perhaps still further improved in another million years. I think it just possible that if man is still around then, these carnivorous plants may still be—The Strange Ones. ∞

Pitcher Plant's attracting flowers, right, above the pale green traps, may be absent by late summer, when the hooded traps, seen below with a fly in the "diningroom," take on mottled and reddish tones.

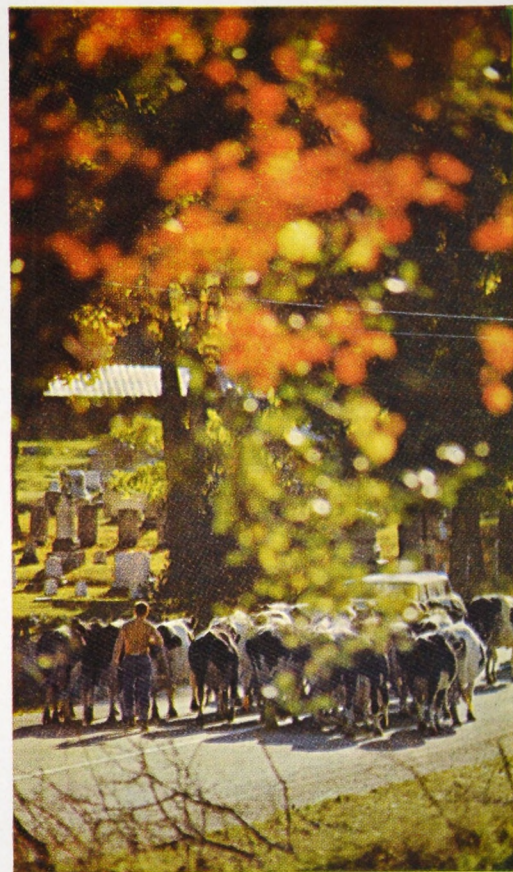


*Almost a ghost town thirty-five years ago,
economically revived, carefully and beautifully restored*

Weston

*now typifies the classic Vermont village.
In words and pictures by Peter Miller*

ALTHOUGH HALF OF MY LIFE has been focused around Weston, Vermont, I shouldn't really call it my home town, because I was always going or coming. It began on a brilliant blue winter day in 1946 when I was twelve and our family drove up from New Jersey and stayed at the then green-shuttered Weston Inn. We skied on Morgan Hill behind the village, riding the rope tow faster than we skied down, and in the evenings we played on





A fine autumn day brings crowds of visitors to shop, film and visit Weston's many places of interest – and sometimes to compete with homeward wending cows. Community Club building, above, in summer accommodates the celebrated Weston Players.

the village green, snow squeaking underfoot while we gulped green, snow squeaking underfoot while we gulped frosted air under a looming cover of stars and blue-shrouded mountains. Weston was exciting.

The next summer our family moved to a frame house four doors south of the Vermont Country Store, and the small mountain village became my home, although I was mostly away, in prep school and a university 500 miles west, then fighting forest fires in the northwest, spending my service years in Europe, working in Canada and settling for a career in New York.

But it was those short teen-age years lived in Weston village that shaped my interests and ambitions and which molded my life, for better or worse.



I became an enthusiastic outdoorsman, hunting, shooting and fishing when not skiing or playing football or square dancing. Once I played hooky to go deer hunting, hiding out in a camp on a Weston mountain.

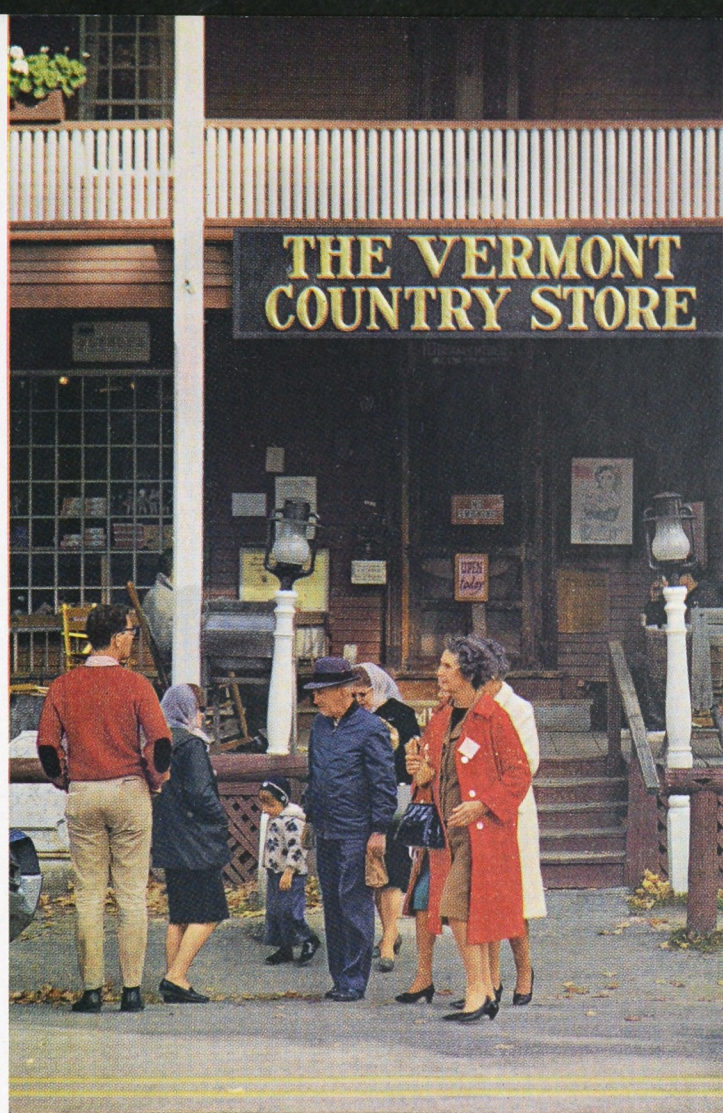
The lure of Weston was in the surrounding mountains. I walked, rifle in hand, the old logging roads that the deer followed, and I learned the covert landmarks. I remember a small, clear spring-fed pool on the saddle of Markham Mountain behind the village; the brightness of a sunset shimmering on a hidden beaver pond glimpsed from the beech grove crowning Peabody Mountain, where the bears feed and hoot at night; the

old cut-stone foundations in the woods, farms and abandoned schoolhouses where apple trees attract the partridges; the sloping rocks and wide views on top of Cobble Hill where Weston residents picnicked 70 years ago, and where once a sleek marten pranced past me without taking fright; the marshy patch of moss by the big boulder; a broken old tombstone against a stone wall in Will Austin's pasture.

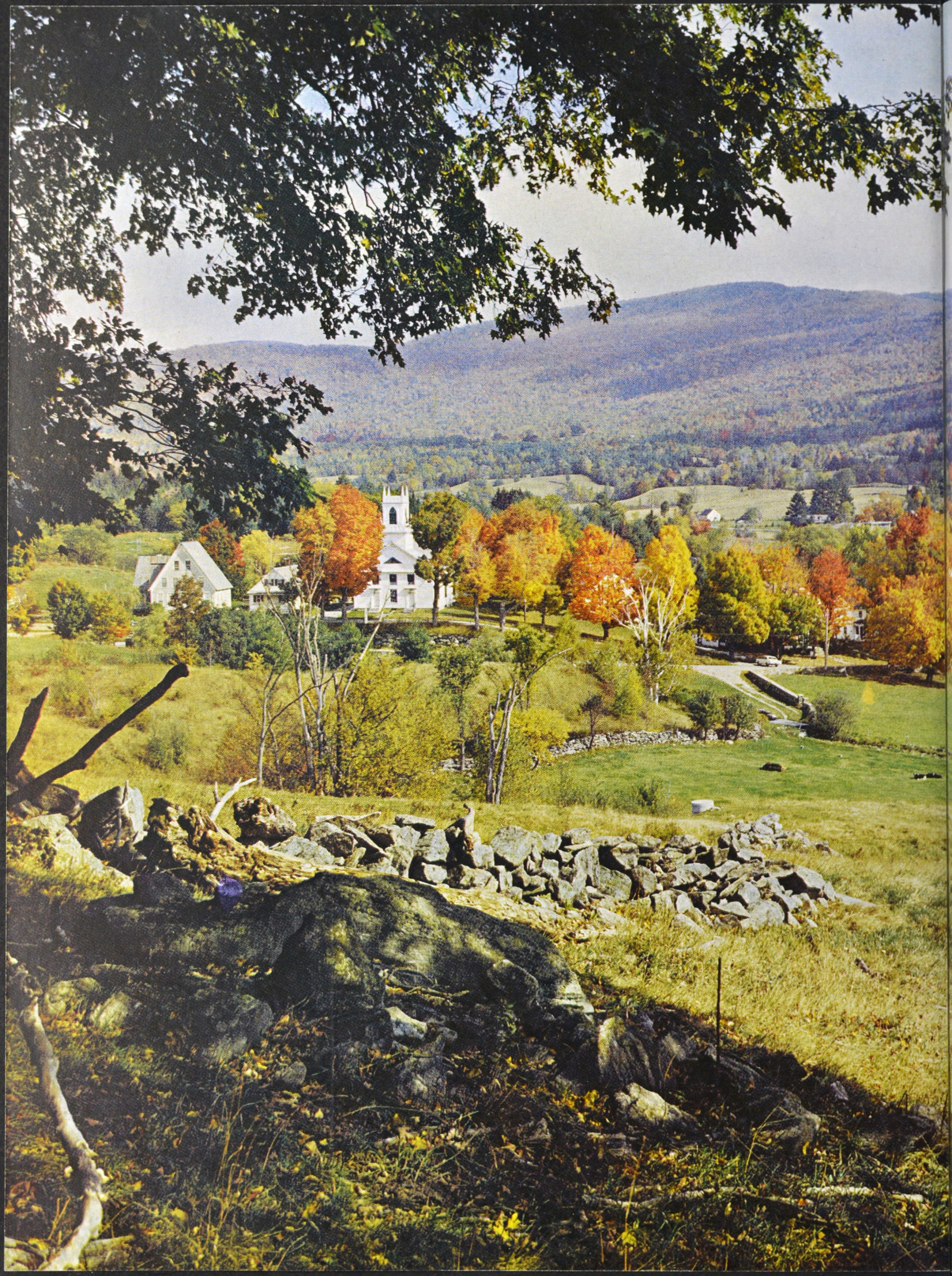
By the time I was 15 I owned nine guns and I target shot a lot. But then on a fall weekend my guns were stolen. There was insurance money, and for some reason I used it to purchase an expensive camera.

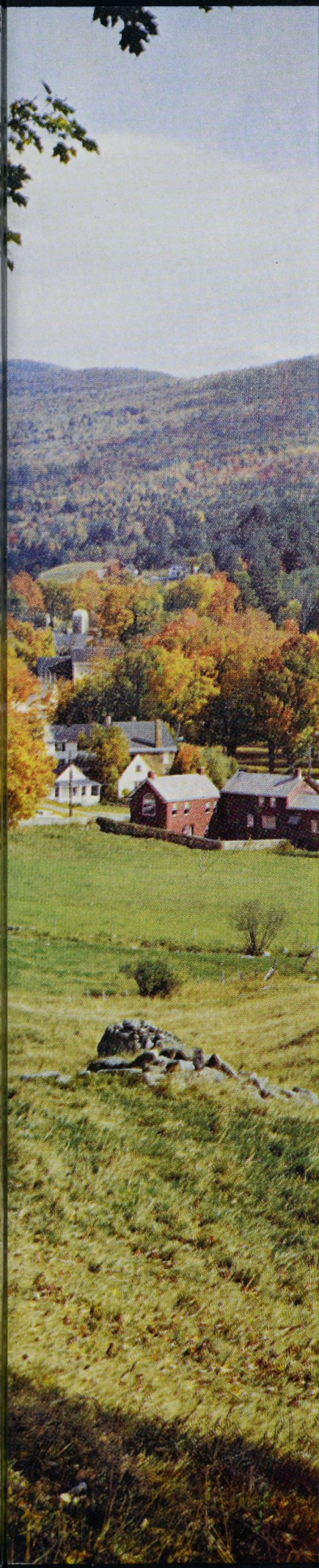
I returned to take pictures where I used to hunt. On Morgan Hill I learned how the sun gives shape and dimension to the sharply dipping meadows trimmed with stone walls, maples and elms. Soon I began photographing people, following Hugh Foster and the Duttons while they were out haying, and became intrigued with the town recluse and garbage collector, bearded Art Johnson. He spoke in an Elizabethan dialect, though most people called it a lisp.

When I was twenty my first article was published, a word and picture story of a monk's life at the



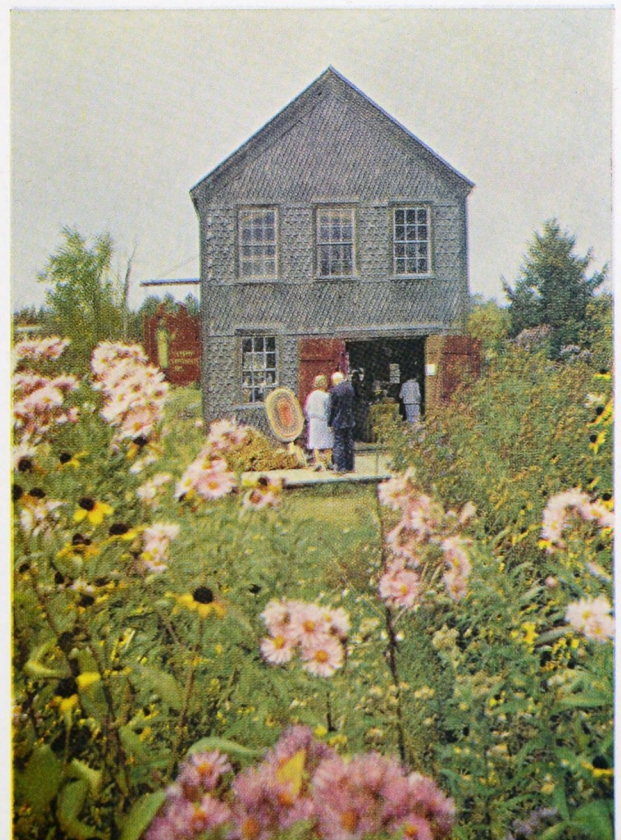
The old Parish Church, opposite, stands out in this view from Morgan Hill. Famous Vermont Country Store, shown inside and out, above, is a popular visitor's mecca. Once an old tavern, the Farrar-Mansur House, left, contains many examples of early American furnishings.





mountainside Weston Priory. And then I left Vermont to become a professional photojournalist. Simplicity in composition I had learned on Morgan Hill and on the mowings, and my precepts for interviews and reporting had been formed in the parlor of Will and Rowena Austin's white farmhouse. A quiet listener opens up forgotten thoughts and secrets.

Ten years later I returned to Vermont to photograph, write and edit on my own—a step that has brought tribulations, but which I have never regretted. Later I



The Church on the Hill is seen in another view, left, from Morgan Hill. Clark Voorhees, top, a well-known wood carver, made this house from a barn. The Vermont Craftsmen building at right is next to grist mill.



*The exuberant young disport in a shower of
autumn leaves on the village green.
The fine old home to the right
once was part of the Dutton farm.*

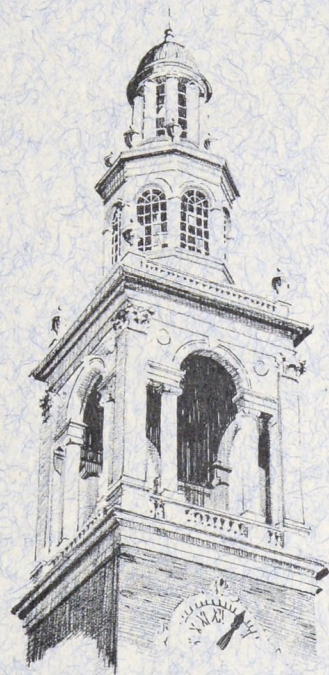
introduced my bride to Vermont and on a
Weston hill built a home and watched my
children learn to walk and run on
Hugh Foster's meadows. My sister was
married on the front porch of our home.
Then with friends I re-discovered the
delights of fly fishing and bird hunting
in the hidden, secluded areas.
Because of business I now live a hundred miles
to the north, but Weston is my home town
and always will be. ∞



*More than doubling their numbers in a decade,
some 17,000 men and women this fall
will attend Vermont's 19 booming*

Colleges in Transition

*by ISABEL M. STEPHENS
Drawings by ROBERT VOGEL*



UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

IN LESS than a decade higher education in Vermont has undergone extraordinary changes. In 1958 there were 7,700 students enrolled in all colleges and universities in the state. In contrast (to this rather meagre record) there will be this fall over 17,000 men and women attending nineteen degree-granting institutions. So sudden has been the burst of activity within the colleges that most Vermonters are not themselves aware of the spectacular revolution going on around them. Only those who live near one of the growing campuses can appreciate the physical changes where whole complexes of new building have sprung up. Since 1961 the State has appropriated \$11,800,000 for buildings for State Colleges, exclusive of the University. During the same period private colleges have raised or borrowed for construction about thirty-two millions, some through Federal loans and grants, some from private contributions. The new surge of interest in higher education has also carried the state government into ambitious long-term planning for all aspects of academic development, and private colleges have been driving ahead almost as fast. Though willingness to spend hard earned money and to plan for the advanced education of young men and women is not a new phenomenon among Vermonters, these recent commitments can be compared only with the sort of vision and determination shown by the first generation or two who created Vermont out of wilderness.

The men and women who settled Vermont in the years between 1765 and 1790 were for the most part poor and unimportant people from Massachusetts and Connecticut. Most were fourth or fifth generation "Americans" steeped in Puritan traditions and attitudes, and also firm believers in the new order. They were confident of their own abilities to govern themselves, and, like their contemporaries back home, whether literate

or illiterate, they took great stock in schooling and did what they could from the beginning to provide some sort of education for their children.

Coeducational academies and seminaries sprang up everywhere during the early years of the 19th century. They were often staffed by newcomers from Massachusetts or Connecticut and sometimes by the few native Vermonters privileged to have had extensive book learning. There were only three colleges: Middlebury, Norwich, and the "University" in Burlington.

Until well after the Civil War, in fact until the 1880s, higher learning for most New Englanders, male or female, meant a year or two at a private academy. To achieve higher education was to be a proud possessor of a diploma. Among the flourishing academies many were church-affiliated and at least partly church supported. A clergyman often served as headmaster and classics professor as well as minister of the local

church. A Congregational minister, principal at Concord Academy gave the first teacher training courses offered in the United States. The Methodists were especially active before mid-century, and Green Mountain College in Poultney and Vermont College in Montpelier are direct descendants of Methodist seminaries. Goddard Academy in Barre, under Universalist control, was an important center of learning for several generations.

As one looks over the courses of study and glances through the samples of writing done by the scholars in the best of the old academies, one wonders whether college degrees were in fact indicative of much greater achievement. The few girls fortunate — and bright — enough to complete the classical courses in any of the half dozen strict academies of the 1870's and 80's had received a rigorous academic training in a time when parents and elders in general were still opposed to "equal" education for women. However, for most Vermonters, male or female, the State offered few opportunities for advanced education in the late nineteenth century or in the early twentieth century for that matter.

Vermont did not share the prosperity of most of the northern states after 1865. Population continued to decrease as young people left the hill farms for the prairies or the industrial centers of the West. Many academies came on hard times, — were short of funds and short of pupils.

The statistics are revealing. In 1850, 99,110 children were in elementary schools — 31 percent of the whole population; in 1924 those enrolled in both elementary and high schools numbered only 63,670 or about 18 percent of the population.

Slowly, changes common to the rest of the nation were accomplished, often reluctantly. By 1910 public high schools stood in the center of the larger towns,

sometimes connected with an old academy, sometimes as new red brick monstrosities apparently designed to impress dubious taxpayers. These newer schools, no matter how competent the teachers, produced only a trickle of college bound students, and many of these went out of the state. The legislature, alarmed by the steady exodus of talent — Vermont's "brain-drain" — appropriated increasing numbers of scholarships for Vermont students at Norwich and Middlebury and at the University. In 1919, 90 students were offered free tuition at the Medical College if they promised to practice in Vermont, yet in 1924 the total enrollment of the University was 1225 and the aggregate number of graduates since its inception was only 6,145, — little more than its present enrollment. Middlebury, attended largely by out of state residents, had 560 students in that same year, and all its graduates numbered 1,768. Things indeed had moved slowly and often downward from 1865 to 1925.

During the next quarter century changes came more rapidly, but almost entirely among private institutions, since after World War I there was another wave of emigration westward rather like that after the Civil War which left Vermont a more inviting place for transient outsiders than for its own youth.

Perhaps Vermont has been fortunate in education, as in some other fields, to have missed the unplanned growth most of the states went through between 1890 and 1960. The dramatic explosion taking place now can be directed in ways to profit from others' errors, among them the belief in bigness for its own sake. Everywhere designers and planners are

now obviously aware that sprawl can damage a college as it damages any community. This is probably as true of curriculum and administration as it is of physical plant.

It is, however, the physical changes which strike one first. Each campus presents its unique qualities, whether large or small, and on each there is something new going on. Some of the older colleges



VERMONT TECHNICAL COLLEGE

are just emerging from a caterpillar stage between the attractive old and the envisioned new, so that it takes imagination to see beyond the bulldozed grounds to the new scene of next year. Other campuses are nearly finished, for the time being, at least, and seem comfortable in new attire.

Among the State colleges it is hard to say which astounds the most. In the seven years since the legislature began appropriating large sums for construction, the four State colleges have tripled in combined enrollment, have moved students into fourteen new dormitories and thirty other buildings. This has meant careful master planning to protect open spaces and to group buildings for most efficient use.

A good example is the campus of *Vermont Technical College* in Randolph Center, where architects have taken full advantage of its location on a high ridge to preserve the quality of its beautiful setting. Designated as a degree-granting two-year college in 1962, the small Agricultural and Technical Institute which had less than 100 students, has taken on a wholly new role and new personality. The plant has grown from one frame building and a few now demolished barns to the present group of well-designed dormitories, laboratories and classrooms centered around a handsome library. Under construction is one more much needed dormitory and an academic building. A farmstead with its ultra modern dairy barn and silos is skillfully placed on a southern slope below the wind and out of the view. Here VTC's

95 "girls" (all Holsteins) enjoy the luxury of free stalls and a milking parlor.

The College now accommodates 500 young men (and six women) training for careers in highly specialized fields in engineering technologies and agriculture. Even with additional construction, the plant, designed for 600, will be overtaxed by 1970 at its present rate of growth.

The other State colleges, all three now offering a full four years of teacher preparation, including liberal arts, present an equally striking picture. Way off to the northeast is *Lyndon State College*. In the past four years, while doubling in numbers, the students have moved into four new dormitories and they now use a well-equipped library, designed for 50,000 books, and attend classes in a huge academic building with the latest science laboratories. A new gymnasium is almost finished. In the midst of all this the white clapboard Vail mansion, which housed the entire College for



JOHNSON STATE COLLEGE

years, looks startled, but reconciled; the old circular library in one turret, for example, has become an alluring bookshop, and there is a snack bar in the old laundry. To some winter visitors, unused to the sense of remoteness one often feels in Vermont, it may seem symbolic that Lyndon's most noted athlete is a long distance runner. But now attracting students from a wide area, Lyndon is fast moving into the mainstream of liberal education in New England.

Not far to the west, and north of Mt. Mansfield is *Johnson State College*, like Lyndon for some time a local-area normal school, but now a part of the wider picture. Here a new hill-top campus rises high above the old buildings.

A great deal of imagination has gone into the transformation of a pasture with a view into a College with a future. Athletic fields, ponds, woodland and a ski lift are impressive. More impressive are



LYNDON STATE COLLEGE



CASTLETON STATE COLLEGE

the carefully planned groups of buildings taking advantage of varied terrain and spectacular views. A visitor's attention is so taken by construction, landscaping and the logistics of moving a whole college that it seems surprising to see the library occupied by readers and lecture halls full of attentive note-takers. This year for the first time Johnson College is adequately housed and staffed to do its important job of educating teachers.

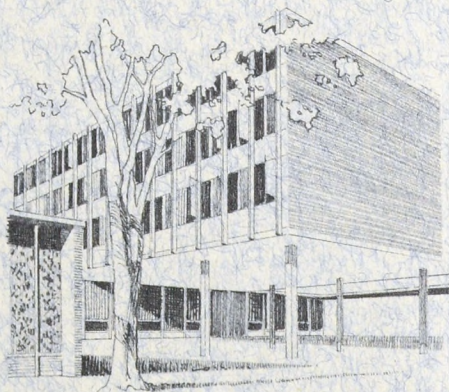
At *Castleton* the second campus of the College is a few years older than Johnson's and Lyndon's and adjoins the original, so that one is not quite so struck by newness. Yet here, too, facilities have recently been doubled, so the enrollment of 1000 does not unduly overtax the plant, and here there is evidence of vitality and innovation where not many years ago a small normal school struggled along.

The campus of the *University of Vermont* is complex and stretching to meet many new demands. The rapidly growing medical college, now one of the country's finest, is expanding into new quarters and a large science center is in process of construction. Aware of its past, planners have tried to keep some of the University's old flavor. One notable success is the use of an outmoded library as a student center. Here massive balconies and circular rooms lend an atmosphere in pleasant contrast to the functional brick and vinyl of the new world around it. But one expects a modern university to expand, and finds startling only the speed of change which seems to have seized UVM almost over night.

In the Burlington area private colleges are also, of course, expanding rap-

idly. *Trinity College* founded in 1925 wants to remain a small liberal arts college for women, but its present enrollment of about 500 may have to go up somewhat to make possible all the facilities necessary for the courses it offers. So far two handsome dormitories and a chapel of rare beauty on one side of a small campus, and a science building, modern in every detail, on the other, indicate that planned growth is well under way. Ideally located near the University, the college profits greatly from advanced courses and all sorts of other educational opportunities open to its students at the University.

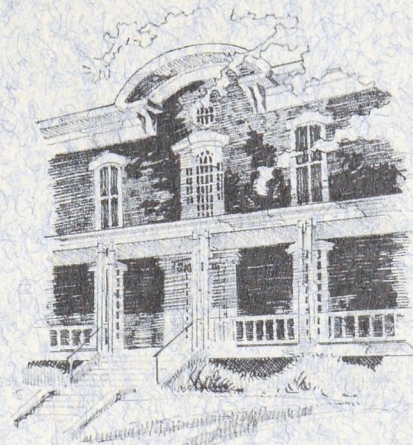
St. Michael's in Winooski, a degree granting liberal arts college for men since 1914, after a period of slow change is mushrooming with seven new buildings in as many years, and several more projected for the near future. Last May a unique library was dedicated there, totally different from the horizontal design adopted by all the State colleges. It is cylindrical with a central core of stacks and study space for 700. The design provides for an addition which could nearly double this should it be required as the College grows. Equally interesting is the modernistic chapel. A beautiful location with wide mountain views makes *St. Michael's* an ideal year around campus. A summer theater and a coeducational summer school have operated here for some years. A well-known English language school for foreign students is a



TRINITY COLLEGE

year around project. New language laboratories and other essential facilities are being built on the Fort Ethan Allen campus not far away. The two campuses give the college of 1400 students plenty of space for expansion. If state, federal and private funds can be found, *St. Michael's* might well double its present enrollment in a few years.

A city campus like that of *Champlain College of Business* is less spectacular but it is equally quite extraordinary. Champlain, founded in 1878, is in the center of a fine old residence section of Burlington, where ingenuity has created

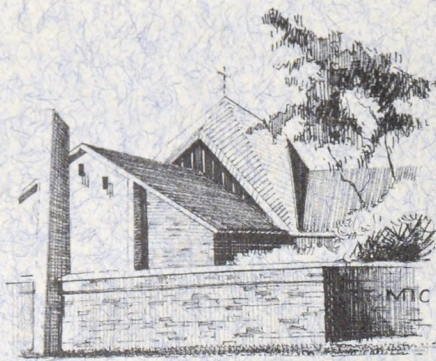


CHAMPLAIN COLLEGE

a functional plant for the use of some 600 young people preparing for careers in accounting, data processing, business administration, and specialized secretarial work. Champlain, a welcome part of the neighborhood, demonstrates what can be done to keep the charm without the inconveniences of a bygone era. Though certainly quite crowded, the business-like atmosphere is not hectic or unfriendly. Brick partitions and ingenious passageways double the use of space once taken up by pantries, servants' quarters and tack rooms.

Vermont College in Montpelier is also part of a residence community and still uses as dormitories several comfortable houses of an earlier period. College Hall, built to last forever in the 1870s, stands lofty and secure in an open square surrounded by a melange of old and new. The fine library, with its charming balcony and graceful stairs, reminds one of the days when female graduates were "ladies of liberal learning."

After a long period of hard times as a coeducational institution, Vermont became in 1953 a junior college for women. In 1956 loans of \$1,400,000 from the Federal Government provided for two handsome Georgian dormitories. Among more recent additions are extensive science laboratories where future nurses and medical technicians use the latest equipment and a large administration building which provides a whole floor for secretarial classes, language

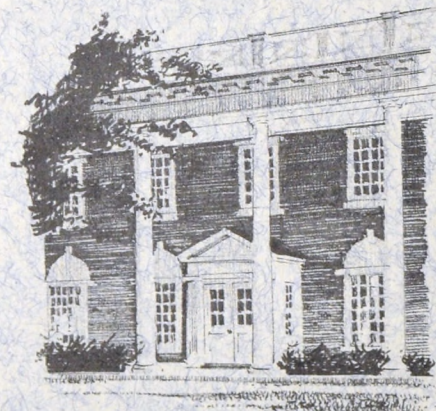


ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

laboratories and lecture rooms. None of these changes has destroyed the charm of College Hall with its broad flights of stairs going up and up and its huge arched windows lifting their eyebrows at the twentieth century. Tradition and novelty are making a good adjustment here.

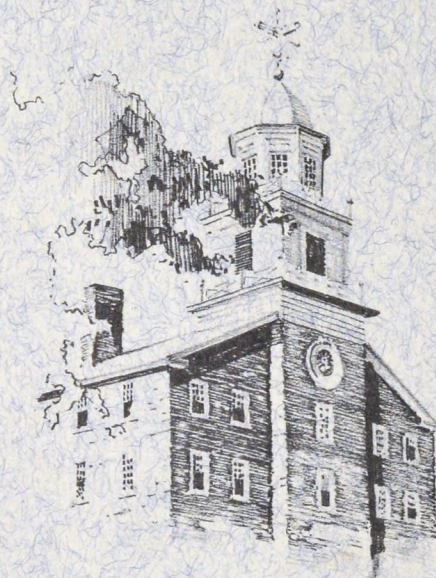
The other old, deeply rooted colleges, *Green Mountain* and *Middlebury*, each located on the edge of a town, have been able to keep one style, and present a more uniform appearance. *Green Mountain* campus is a fine example of planned expansion. Remodelling of beautiful early buildings and extensive new construction provided a student center, gymnasium, dining rooms, and dormitories undreamed of by the ladies of the *Female Seminary*, or even by the students of twenty years ago. Modern, yet at ease with its surroundings, *Green Mountain College* fits beautifully into the town of *Poultney* on one side and open country on the other.

For 150 years the stone from nearby hillsides has been used for building at *Middlebury College* until today *Painter Hall* and the *Old Chapel* stand surrounded by uniform gray, softened by the white trim of window frames.



VERMONT COLLEGE

Until about seven years ago *Middlebury*, like the rest of *Vermont*, changed slowly. From its founding in 1800 it had maintained high academic standards and stood for the best traditions of the old *New England* colleges. Gradually, almost inch by inch, the *College* had added courses and increased its faculty and its reputation, especially in the fields of science and language. Then the explosion. A successful drive with matching funds from the *Ford Foundation* had brought in over ten million dollars now being used not to provide for increased undergraduate enrollment, now about 1500, but to provide the best possible tools for learning and to endow distinguished professorships to keep the high



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

academic standards the *College* has always maintained. The results are visible in a huge structure equipped with physics and chemistry laboratories as fabulous in their way as the famous language laboratories housed in a new building across the street. With additions to the faculty, these new laboratory facilities and a hook-up with the *Dartmouth Computer Center* greatly extend *Middlebury's* program for advanced work in science. An art center with theater and concert hall was opened last spring and a big dormitory is almost completed. In spite of this large-scale activity, crane and bulldozer have broken the calm without fundamentally altering the face of the state's oldest.

Norwich University, almost as old, has expanded rapidly to its present enrollment of about 1300 men. Year by year additions have formed two quad-

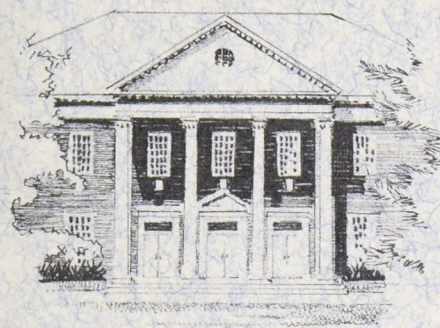
rangles with functional brick buildings as shipshape in appearance as the faculty and students in uniform. Recent remodeling has provided space for a computer, electronics equipment and a college radio station. With additions to the library, especially in microfilm, the *University* is now well equipped for general education in the liberal arts and for specialization in business administration as well as in engineering. It has long been known for distinguished work in engineering and is now undertaking a program in high altitude research, through the department of *Aerospace Studies* which is the new academic center for the *Space Research Institute*. A graduate program leading to a Ph.D. in aerospace science starts this fall with fifteen students. The *Institute* maintains testing facilities at *Highwater*, *Quebec* and *Barbados*, *W.I.*, thus offering opportunity for applied research as well as advanced theoretical study.

Windham College, after a precarious first decade, has suddenly burst forth. Having doubled its enrollment twice since 1965, it now occupies a completely new campus designed by *Edward Durell Stone*. Several million dollars have gone into the essentials for a modern undergraduate college. Library, student center and spacious academic buildings on one level and a tier of dormitories above, all in harmony, are a perfect example of over-all planning. With almost sleight-of-hand speed a whole new community of several hundred students, many of them transfers from other institutions, is settling in. Thousands of books have been processed and placed on the library shelves. Long-suffering but enthusiastic teachers, free at last of packing cases and unfinished laboratories, are conducting classes without the tumult of construction all around them. With accreditation now achieved, *Windham* is launched, ready to build its own standards and traditions.

New buildings, of course, are only a small part of the story. The *State colleges* now offer a wide variety of courses from philosophy, history, languages and other liberal arts to the techniques of modern industry. Again profiting from the mistakes of larger and richer states, *Vermont* has not neglected the values of general education in its colleges designed primarily for teacher preparation, and now provides for a substantial base of liberal arts in all three teachers' colleges. Whether training for nursing or

for public school teaching or preparing for graduate study, a member of the community feels the impact of specialized scholarship, and graduates not as a technician only, but as a person aware of the complex intellectual world.

In teacher preparation a solid four years, including for upper classmen long periods for off-campus practice teach-



GREEN MOUNTAIN COLLEGE

ing, provide time to mature. Students may find themselves during non-resident weeks in unfamiliar situations from which they learn a lot, whether in a city or a small town. Some, for example, still have a chance to observe the one-room school in action. As ungraded primary schools become more and more recognized as the ideal, these young people may find they have an advantage over urban trained people who have never seen, much less participated in, the marvels of a well run one-room school where one teacher copes wisely with a motley batch of young. Certainly on campus they are getting opportunities for general education their predecessors lacked in the old days of the normal schools.

The same principle holds true for all the other teacher training courses in the state. *The College of St. Joseph the Provider* in Rutland, since 1962 an accredited four year college, requires a wide range of subject matter for young women going into elementary school teaching. As a fine new academic building opens this fall, all 160 students will have the necessary facilities for broad general education while specializing in work with young children both in local schools and in special schools for retarded or handicapped children. Nursery schools are attached to several private colleges, and child development is a major interest, considered as an integral part of the liberal education of women, as well as a specialty for those preparing for career teaching. The University,

of course, has a college of education which includes preparation for all levels of teaching.

Junior colleges have the advantage of forcing second year students to take themselves and their careers seriously. Those who want liberal arts are usually advised to go on to a university for a degree before professional training. Individual counseling helps students to find the right field for immediate concentration. To be a "senior" when you are only a sophomore in age is a very maturing experience. One is struck with this fact when observing the long hours put in by the young women who have chosen to become nurses or medical technicians. More and more women are eager for training in these fields now offered only by a few institutions. Among private colleges only Trinity and Vermont College have a full four-year course for medical technicians. In nurses' training (besides the University's full B.A. de-



NORWICH UNIVERSITY

gree in nursing) Vermont College and Castleton have two-year programs in nursing education under their Associate Degrees.

Other sorts of specialists are more and more in demand in Vermont as industries move in — accountants, management personnel at all levels, experts in data processing and executive secretaries. Furthermore, the University of Vermont and the big hospitals in Burlington require expert office staff members in increasing numbers. So it is not strange that Champlain Junior College of Business is crowded, and that its graduates

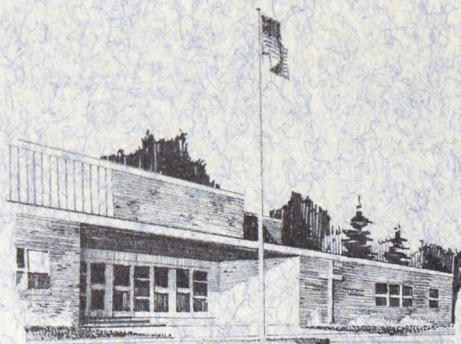


WINDHAM COLLEGE

are easily placed, as are the graduates of *St. Joseph College* in Bennington. *St. Joseph*, though established only in 1962, has 200 men and women enrolled. Both colleges keep in direct touch with employers in order to shape their courses to the changing techniques of today's businesses. The state now has at Randolph Center an up-to-date technical institute offering two years of strenuous study for degree as Associate in Engineering.

As Senator Aiken said in a recent graduation address at Vermont Technical College, "This school is in the right place at the right time, because it began turning out highway technicians at a time when the new Interstate highway system, both in Vermont and outside the state, was hard put for the need of this type of training. Now we are also producing qualified personnel to assume leadership in the fields of agriculture, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, and more recently, instrumentation technology." This fall a course in computer programming will be required of all engineering technology students at VTC. Also through a hookup with the computer center at Dartmouth, engineering students will use the computer for problem-solving.

These modern courses have been developed in consultation with industrial leaders in the state. Counseled by men experienced in technical industries, graduates take their place as part of engineering teams. Already there is evidence that they are very effective in positions between the skilled craftsman and the engineer. Young men from other states who are permitted to enroll (a few do at higher tuition), show an inclination to stay in Vermont. They promise to become valuable "immigrants" needed for their know-how in the techniques Vermont industry is demanding. As dairy farming becomes a mechanized industry, technical knowledge is essential. VTC graduates who major in agricultural technology are going into all branches of agribusiness.



ST. JOSEPH THE PROVIDER

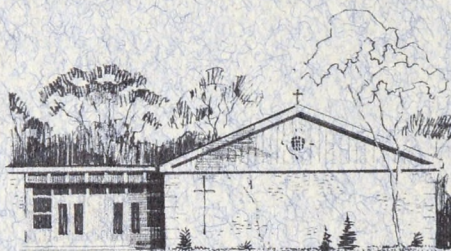
Very different sorts of things have been going on in this decade in other parts of the state. Determined to keep the intellectual values of the small informal academic world, yet equally determined to keep pace with the growing demand for the self-propelled education in the liberal arts that *Goddard College* has encouraged under his leadership, President Pitkin, (who retired this June) asked "why not three small colleges on one big campus?" And so cluster colleges have been devised, and since 1963 two have been completed with another on the drawing board. A large library and a learning center to be shared by all three is under construction now. How to keep small while growing is a hard question. Here is one answer.

Drawing on twenty-five years of experience in helping undergraduate students to carry out independent study both on and off the campus, the *Goddard* faculty in 1963 inaugurated an Adult Degree program for mature persons who can spend only a few weeks a year at a college and yet wish to complete the work for a Bachelor of Arts degree. Each six months' project begins with two weeks of residence at the College, and ends with another short residence period. During the five months in between, the student studies at home, using available resources in his or her own community. First conceived as an ideal solution for the married woman who had dropped out of college and later wished to finish, this program is proving very successful with men also. To achieve a degree in this way is slow but rewarding. It is a far cry from the old fashioned correspondence course.

Another radical departure in adult education is being worked out by the *Antioch-Putney Graduate School of Education*, a small branch of *Antioch College* in Ohio. A complicated choice of programs is available. A "regular" program includes an academic quarter on the

Ohio campus, another in residence at Putney, and a third spent student-teaching in Vermont or in Washington, D.C. A number of the group, however, spend a full academic year interning in urban schools in Washington or Baltimore. This experiment in teacher education for the modern world is attracting lively students, including each year more than a dozen Peace Corps returnees and other mature people with varied backgrounds.

Vermont has other unusual institutions. *Bennington College*, known for its successful experiments in higher education for women, has since its beginnings in the Twenties, recognized the value of off-campus experience as part of the



ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE

College program for each student. For a Freshman the term may be spent at almost any job that offers practical experience, but thereafter the winter weeks are supposed to contribute directly to the main course of her education as a student develops special interests. Each girl works out, with the help of a faculty advisor, the course of study she will pursue and then she is expected to progress without marks or credits to label her successes and failure. Such a program demands a high ratio of teachers to students. It allows faculty members opportunity to carry on their own scholarly studies and research, but it also demands their real interest in their students. A good many girls find this sort of amorphous yet demanding plan hard to carry through, and they drop by the wayside. Far from mourning this decision, the College welcomes the chance to fill vacancies with transfer students, who have discovered that *Bennington* offers the kind of self-directed education they want. From its beginning the College has accepted a few men in dance and drama. From now on men applicants, often upper classmen, will be considered in all fields. A reputation for fostering individualism has not prevented *Bennington* from producing exceptionally well-disciplined dance groups which

tour the country every year, and the high standards maintained by its literary magazines bear witness to the painstaking collaborative work undergraduates can and do accomplish.

After nearly forty years as a really small college (325 in 1958) housed in a quadrangle suggestive of a New England village, *Bennington* has been growing. Still tiny by national standards, with new dormitories and class rooms it will soon provide adequately for about 500 students.

Smallest of the coeducational colleges is *Marlboro*, widely known for standards of scholarship, for informality and for its roving theater groups, among other things. Its name is known throughout New England because for many summers the campus has housed Rudolph Serkin's famous School of Music. Since like *Goddard*, *Marlboro* bases its whole theory of teaching on small group discussions and individual projects, and since the College is organized as a New England community with a Town Meeting form of government, it is committed to smallness. An unusual Board of Trustees fully support the faculty and administration in this expensive commitment. So, as long as *Marlboro* can afford to stay under 200 students, it will certainly do so. The theater group will continue to put the show on the road, playing in schools and college halls throughout the state. The faculty will continue to represent the highest standards of scholarship and will go on encouraging upper classmen to carry through individually planned projects.

These sometimes mean long periods away from the campus. For example one senior spent the whole year studying astrophysics in Cambridge in preparation



GODDARD COLLEGE



ANTIOCH-PUTNEY GRADUATE SCHOOL

for her senior examinations at Marlboro and her thesis in stellar spectrophotometry. Because it is a minute and rather isolated world, Marlboro urges four-year students to take a term elsewhere in this country or abroad, and also opens its doors to transfer students mature and ready for specialization and self-directed study, who are eager to get away from huge institutions where they have felt the stultifying effects of mass education.

Size is a serious problem for most Vermont colleges, no matter how ideal they may appear to be as they are. Why? Because these are hard times for small-scale enterprises with no plans for expansion. For one thing, most federal loans and grants are predicated on prospects of growth. Windham College, for example, by practically promising to double in size each year, succeeded in borrowing several million dollars from the Federal Government in 1964 and 1965. Those were generous years in Washington. Such largess is no longer forthcoming no matter how fast the growth prospects. But the principle of expansion is still embedded in most loan programs.

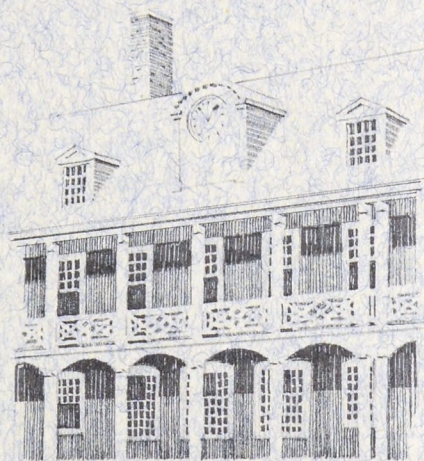
Furthermore, variety is the spice of life in academic communities. In liberal arts colleges, faculty and students prefer a wide diversity in course offerings, and a faculty large enough to provide the stimulus of professional discussion and even disagreement.

Most colleges, therefore, want enough students (and enough tuition money) to warrant at least two instructors in each subject. If a wide range of subjects is offered it is hard to see how a faculty of less than fifty is feasible. With a 1 to 15 ratio of teachers to students one arrives at a student body of 750. Only specialized schools offering limited programs or two-year colleges could ordinarily avoid this sort of calculation, and its consequences.

The cost of buying and maintaining ex-

pensive equipment is a third factor in the size dilemma. Every new library, for example, has to have microfilm viewers, tapes, records, innumerable periodicals. Middlebury, for example, takes 880 periodicals and shelves over 270,000 books and documents. Every language department uses a laboratory with sound-proofed booths and expensive electronic controls. The new equipment at Middlebury and at St. Michael's, both specialists in language teaching, is quite staggering to the lay visitor.

Though computers on campus are still rare and can be shared by teletype communication, every science department must have instruments and facilities in bewildering array. All these things are extravagant unless used steadily. Regular summer sessions and specialized summer



BENNINGTON COLLEGE

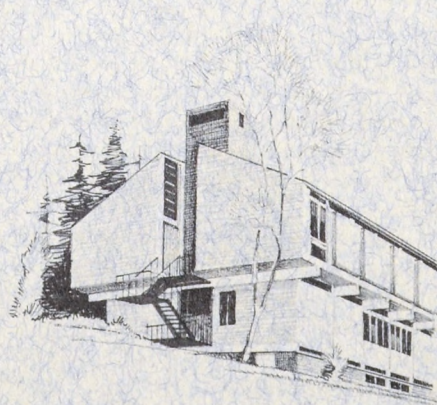
schools are contributing to the efficient use of new buildings and new equipment, but fewer than 1,000 students all told may leave too many idle hours for tireless machines. Nowhere in Vermont is there any enthusiasm for a mechanized world — least of all an academic world controlled by the cost of the machine — and yet. . . .

It is only in recent years that Vermont colleges have begun to exploit fully the advantages of climate and location which make them so obviously ideal places for special schools of all sorts during the summer months. The Marlboro Music School has become one of New England's famous institutions. Though not directly connected with the College, this gathering of talented musicians has contributed enormously to higher education, attracting hundreds of listeners to concerts on the campus each summer, and incidentally bringing reflected glory to its host. The famous

writers' conference which draws authors each summer to the Middlebury campus on Bread Loaf Mountain and the summer school of English also conducted at Bread Loaf have for years been important events not in size but in quality. The still more famous Language Schools on the main campus have a world wide reputation. This summer nearly 1500 graduate students attended courses at Middlebury. Graduate and undergraduate programs in Russian Language and Soviet Studies were offered at the Russian School of Norwich University this summer for the first time.

This summer on its two campuses St. Michaels has provided courses for graduate and undergraduate students in many fields and has continued its school for the teaching of English to foreign students (about 400 are enrolled annually). The most recent innovation is an Institute for teachers of French-speaking children. Federally financed under Title II of the National Defense Act this program is designed to help solve a long-time problem in northern New England where about 17 percent of the school population comes from French-speaking homes, many of them caught in the educational, cultural, poverty cycle of the area.

St. Joseph the Provider in cooperation with the Rutland Chamber of Commerce has inaugurated this summer a series of courses, which, combined with evening extension work offered in three cities during the winter, help teachers to become certified for work with retarded children. As St. Joseph develops teachers in this field it is making an invaluable contribution to education throughout the state. It is a good example of a very small college — only 160 — which can operate successfully by sticking to one main interest, the teaching of young children, and then specializing within that area. Since 1964 Trinity College has conducted summer workshops to



MARLBORO COLLEGE

help prepare teachers for special education with handicapped and retarded children. But primarily Trinity is a liberal arts college.

While the State University continues to expand its summer session the teachers' colleges are also using the summer months more and more effectively.

Castleton State College has a flexible summer program permitting auditors as well as degree candidates to profit from intensive courses. Both Lyndon and Johnson now have summer programs which take advantage of their ideal locations. Work jobs, paid for in largest part by O.E.O. funds, make it possible for young people to study while they

double in size, is not the only expanding graduate school. In order to attract and keep the ablest faculty members in many different departments, graduate students must enroll in considerable numbers, since research depends in part upon the offering of opportunities for advanced students. The more graduate students, the less room for freshmen unless enrollment expands again.

As Vermont high schools send each year more graduates to UVM (less than 15 percent go now) the pressure builds up. Out of state students, whose larger tuition is very welcome, are being squeezed out now, and even the ablest ones may find it hard to gain admission

lege is now widely recognized as a good solution for a girl who is not at all sure what she wants to do in the ways of specialized training and yet who does not want to be just a marriageable young woman waiting for a man. Green Mountain College, for example, offers a wide variety of pre-professional courses and makes a point of consultation and testing to help girls find their best route toward a career. The Associate Degree earned in two years is proving to be adequate for all sorts of occupations where in recent years it has become customary to demand four years. James B. Conant has recently called for a de-emphasizing of the B.A. or B.S. as an employment prerequisite. As Vermont Technical College and others like it all over the country are demonstrating, for technical training for industry, two years is about right for many men, since one summer can be spent in on the job apprenticeship to give practical experience before regular employment. Business colleges are proving the same thing for both sexes.

There is still plenty of room outside the Burlington area and there is no doubt that towns would welcome this sort of industry in their community. The enthusiastic response to extension programs and evening courses conducted by UVM as far away as Springfield are evidence of the interest in academic study among adults all over the state. While UVM is doing a great deal, with the help of generous gifts from alumni and others, to make Burlington a cultural center where visiting artists from all over the world appear, it cannot reach far beyond that immediate area. Though small colleges can not hope to compete with the University and with Dartmouth College across the river, they can, and do, furnish fine opportunities for education to their neighbors. The new Educational Television now broadcast from the University is broadly approved, but it is not the same thing as a total college community. So it seems safe to say that the small college has a great future in this small state. Miniaturizing, in spite of practical problems, may become the art nouveau of college planning, and if so, by virtue of geography, history and temperament, Vermont is well designed to take the lead. Certainly an intellectual Renaissance is taking place here. If the Vermonters of 1791 could charter a University in the back woods, those of 1971 can carry on the present revival without succumbing to mass pressures and machine standards.

Colleges	Established	Programs and Degrees Granted	Students in		Faculty in	
			1958	1968	1958	1968
Antioch Grad.	1950	— <i>Ed. Social Studies</i> MAT	15	104	3	15
Bennington	1925	4 yr. <i>Lib. Arts</i> BA	331	422	48	55
Castleton	1867	4 yr. <i>Tchr. & Lib. Arts</i> BA	247	921	17	62
Champlain	1878	2 yr. <i>Bus. Associate</i>	180	622	5	42
Col. St. Joseph	1962	4 yr. <i>Ed. BS; Relig. BA</i>	—	110	—	27
Goddard	1938	4 yr. <i>Lib. Arts</i> BA	107	699	21	63
Green Mt.	1835	2 yr. <i>Associate</i>	343	686	30	51
Johnson	1867	4 yr. <i>Tchr. & Lib. Arts</i> BA	169	475	14	41
Lyndon	1911	4 yr. <i>Tchr. & Lib. Arts</i> BA	258	540	15	40
Marlboro	1946	4 yr. <i>Lib. Arts</i> BA	30	180	16	29
Middlebury	1800	4 yr. <i>Lib. Arts</i> BA, MA, Ph.D.	1277	1550	91	134
Norwich	1819	4 yr. <i>Tech. BS; Lib. Arts</i> BA	889	1265	63	106
St. Joseph	1962	2 yr. <i>Bus. Associate</i>	—	180	—	13
St. Michael's	1904	4 yr. <i>Lib. Arts</i> BA	771	1453	52	97
Trinity	1925	4 yr. <i>Lib. Arts</i> BA	120	480	24	41
University of Vt.	1791	4 yr. <i>Lib. Arts, Tech., Med. BA, BS, MA, MD, Ph.D.</i>	3220	5500	402	675
Vermont Col.	1834	2 yr. <i>Associate</i>	233	530	24	46
Vt. Technical	1910	2 yr. <i>Tech. Associate</i>	145	540	8	41
Windham	1951	4 yr. <i>Lib. Arts</i> BA	60	700	9	52

earn something toward college expenses and do useful tasks, such as woodlot improvement, landscaping and so on. This sort of boost is valuable the year around, as students all over the country can testify, but it often works out best in the summer in rural areas, with all sorts of outdoor activities available. This is only one of dozens of reasons for the growing popularity of summer sessions in Vermont. But probably the most convincing argument in many cases is that they help a college to stay small while growing.

In terms of nationwide standards, anything under ten thousand is small for a state university. The University of Vermont prides itself on being very small as state universities go. Its ideal maximum of 6,500 may not be large enough, however. The Medical School, planning to

in a few years. And so at all levels, from little to large, the size problem exists. Perhaps the Goddard solution will grow in popularity, with "learning centers" surrounded by small residence colleges, thus preserving the kind of individuality Vermont cherishes. Perhaps in the long run some institutions, like Bennington or Marlboro or Goddard, experienced in individual study and best adapted to the mature undergraduate who is motivated and self reliant, will offer only advanced work, leaving to private or public two year colleges the education of undergraduates.

The two year college makes so much sense the country over, that there is a trend in this direction — frequently in the form of coeducational public community colleges but also as private junior colleges, many for women. Junior col-

*At any season, and in Autumn
best of all, you'll find
a surpassing visual feast*

On the Ridge Road from Brookfield

by Hans Wendler

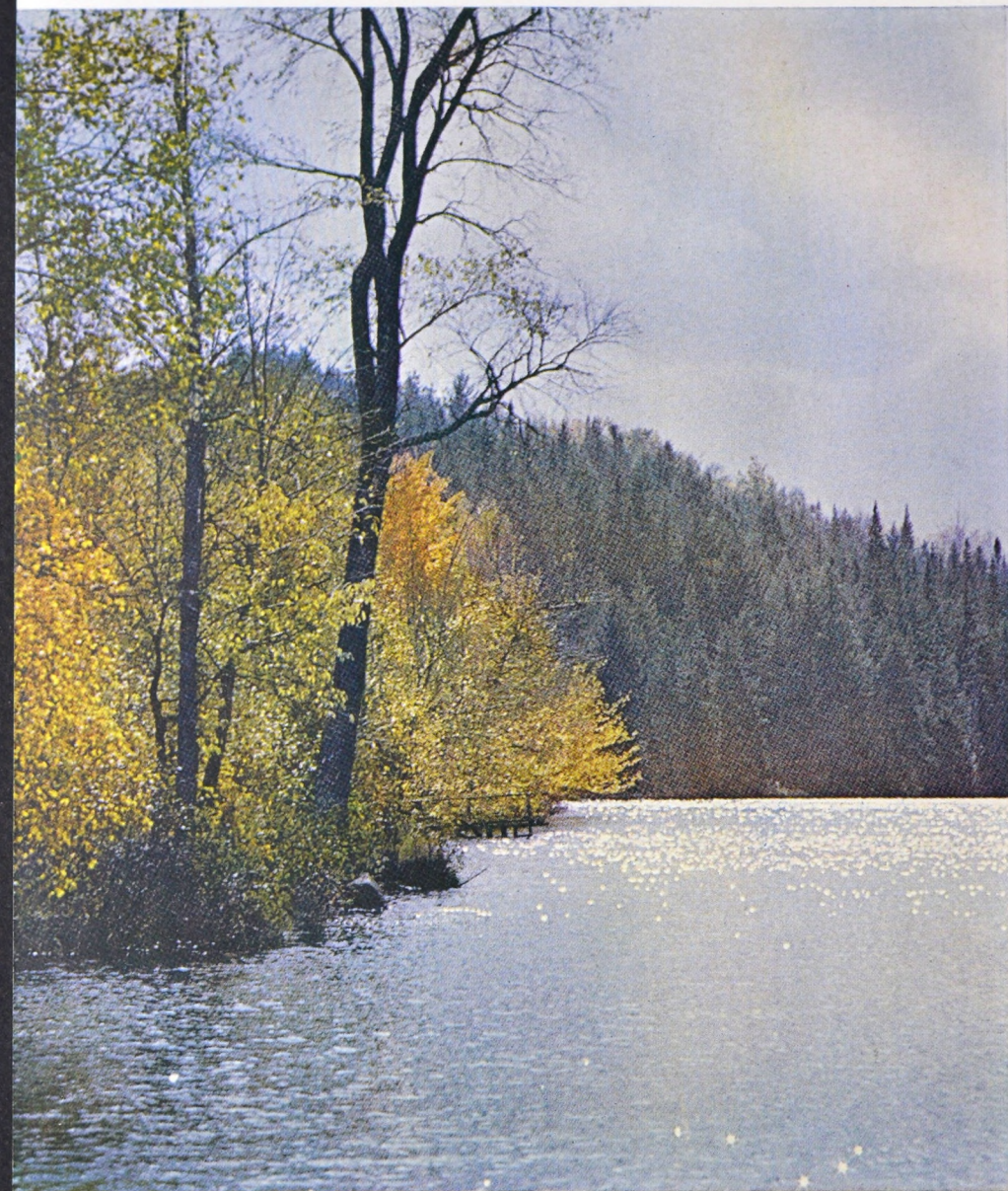
Photographs by the author

*About a mile south of
Brookfield Village, half way to
Brookfield Center, the road
climbs steeply to the ridge.
Here, below, is a first view to
the northeast.*

The road between the town of Brookfield, well-known for its unusual floating bridge, and the valley village of East Bethel, is at the same time both relaxing and invigorating. It rides the ridge nearly every mile of the way and, except for a tunnel of magnificent maples now and then, it is an open road affording a sweeping command of the Vermont scenery. To the east the hills roll off in gentle waves toward the Connecticut valley; to the west the central Green Mountains loom up impressively.

The openness of the road is probably its most unusual feature, making one aware of just how green and wooded the rest of Vermont really is. There are few such roads in New England—in fact I remember no other in all the miles covered in search of pictures.





With this openness come quick changes in mood, for every bit of the famously fickle New England weather can be experienced here in a very short span. You may be riding in the pleasant sun while watching a violent storm swirling about the mountains to the west. The spring and early fall mornings bring fog-shrouded valleys, glaring white in the morning sun. The winter snows, depending upon the day, bring either a feeling of stark loneliness as the wind howls and the snow swirls and drifts under a leaden sky, or the sheer joy of still, warm days when the loneliness vanishes and is replaced by a sense of peace. Fall brings its full spectrum of color in grand display.

This is a road I have been telling friends about for years. East and west of it lie the main routes of 14 and 12, in the valleys. While many people venture off the numbered routes to visit Brookfield's floating bridge, and its interesting old mill restaurant, few turn south from there.



Sunset Lake, left, famous for its floating bridge to Brookfield, by some is still called Colt's Pond. An ancient landmark, right, is this staunch house at Brookfield Center. Southward from Randolph Center, below, the road skirts rounded hills, holds mainly to the ridge.

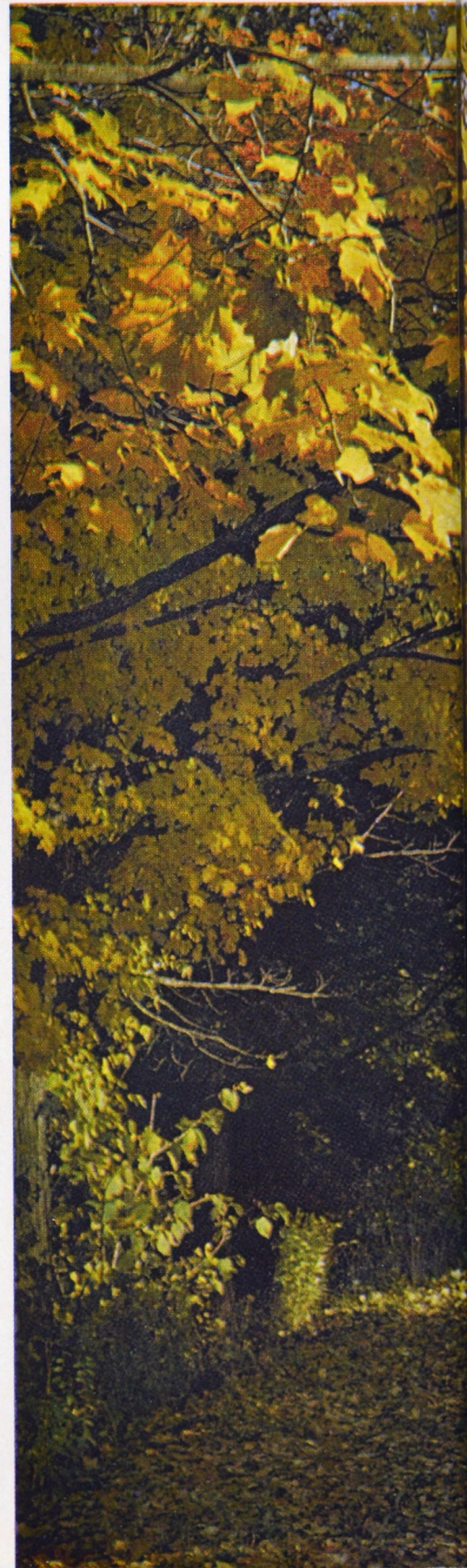


Randolph Center, left, stands on the ridge crest, has its share of beautiful old homes, lower left. Finally the ridge road, below, a mile from East Bethel, drops toward the White River's Second Branch.



Immediately upon leaving the village the road begins a short, steep climb to the ridge. Even then the view is open to the east, and the view back down the road toward the village church is handsome and makes a good picture, particularly in the foliage of fall.

Soon the road crests the ridge, unfolding as big a panorama of the Green Mountains as will be seen anywhere. Some very old early-period homes are found along the road, making one wonder at the strength of the people who would settle such a wind-swept ridge, at a time

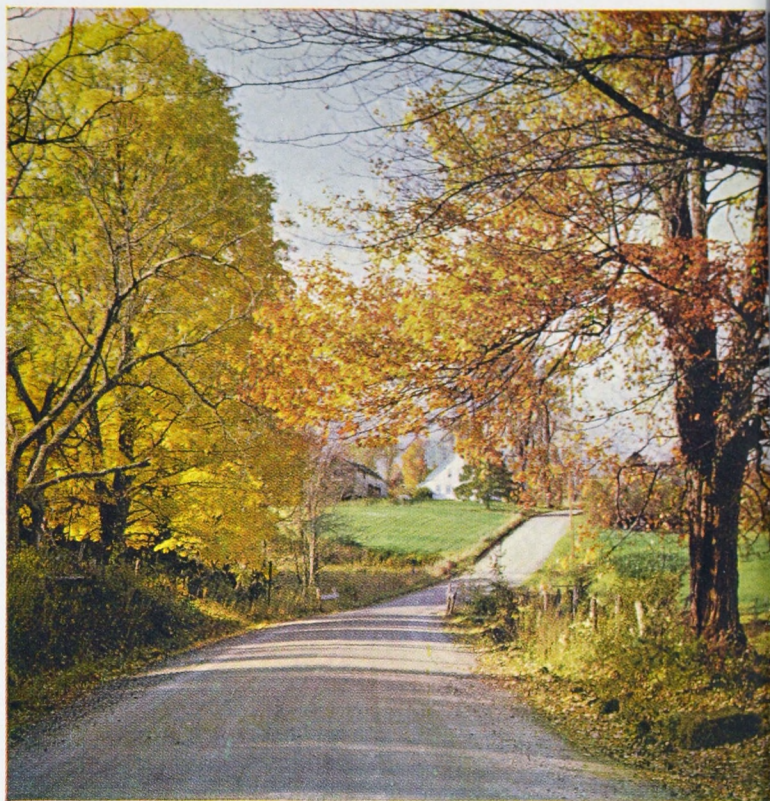




when valley land still was available. The road passes through the village of Brookfield Center, which shelters one of the oldest homes in the area. It winds almost constantly in the open toward Randolph Center, past farms and through small stands of huge, spreading maples, hung with sugar buckets in the spring.

In Randolph Center, the site of Vermont Technical College, the old and new mingle, the college buildings of today facing across the road a handsome old brick house. Here the road begins its descent, but slowly, dropping off the ridge onto the east shoulder. The view to the east remains open, and the road keeps high until just a few miles before it joins Route 14 in East Bethel. The village itself just catches the eye as the road plunges to the valley floor, passes a lumber mill and church and ends by a stop sign. Happily, the memory of this ride goes on. ∞

Such snug farms are seen, right, a few miles above East Bethel, where, below, the ridge road joins busy Route 14.



Harvest figures, often arranged in pairs or family groupings, in mutual support of pliable bodies tend to assume attitudes of relaxed affection.



*As Hallowe'en time approaches again
Vermont children and grown-ups too are plotting
the surprise appearance of*

a troop of Harvest Figures

by AVON NEAL

Photographs by ANN PARKER



IN THE MIDST OF AUTUMN when farmers have laid by their harvest and a full moon hangs low in the sky; when the first good frost puts a tang in the air and the trees slip on their coat of colors; when the sun rises on frost-rimmed roofs and wood smoke curls drowsily from tall chimneys where breakfast cooks, one gazes out with childish, sleep-filled eyes and is curiously aware that during the night, perhaps, a strange host of other-worldly figures has silently invaded the landscape.

It is as though the whole world of Hallowe'en goblins and ghosts and warlocks and witches have tired of their nightly procession and taken a quick refuge against the dawn, pausing in mid-journey to collapse on front porches and door-

steps, to perch on fences, to recline in grotesque attitudes on lawns and against venerable shade tree trunks.

Then one perceives that they are not ghosts at all, but a raggle-taggle regiment of straw-stuffed clothes filched from the attic trunk, with proper-sized pumpkins for heads. The hats look familiar, too, and the gum boots must have come from the barn.

And that's how they appear, like vaguely familiar phantoms, these Hallowe'en or Harvest Figures. Overnight it seems. One day there is nothing unusual in the manicured lawns bordering country highways and byways. Then one morning approaching that rare October day when the world goes mad, the whole scene is suddenly



enlivened by hobgoblins and other grotesqueries.

It is the one sure sign that summer has definitely ended. The work is done, the harvest gathered in, and tired backs can relax for a while. It is time for a final fling before Old Man Winter descends.

Harvest Figures are casual creations. They are most often made with the simplest things at hand—threadbare jackets which hung in the hall, patched trousers that have split their seams, abandoned brogans, and any kind of headgear that might be lodged on a pumpkin head. Like milady's millinery, the hat is the Harvest Figure's crowning glory. It is usually the one object which is selected with care.

You need a shirt of course, preferably a somewhat faded, checkered shirt with both elbows out and a collar that buttons tightly over a loud scarf or tie. If elegance is demanded then add a long coat of indeterminate style and a moth-eaten suit with vest. And for the illusion of affluence, spats. And gloves, always gloves, tucked into empty sleeves to simulate fat hands spread out or resting in a lap crowded by an overstuffed stomach, or gripping a rake or basket or a cider jug.

The bloated bag of a mid-section is belted to hold it together, and sticks are inserted to add support. Here is your strawman of the ages, modernized by this century's fashions and such innovations as the five and dime store can supply.

An appropriate face calls for high-level decisions. It must have just the right touch. Will he grimace or grin? It is up to the artist to decide as, jackknife a gleam, he confronts the big orange pumpkin—just the right size and selected from a heap of innumerable possibilities.

A hole is cut through the top, the stem left intact to act as handle to the lid, and the seed-spangled insides are scooped out clean. A few deft strokes with surgical precision and the jack-o'-lantern face takes form—squinting eyes, triangular nose, and a mouth with fiercely jagged teeth. Now for a candle to light up inside. There are simpler ways to make a face, of course. Often features are drawn in with multi-colored felt-tipped pens. Sometimes a brown paper bag is filled to bursting with wads of grass, and a bewiskered face sketched in with day-glo colors. Novelty shops furnish instant faces in the form of rubber and plastic masks.

Stalwart Farmer Brown types rely on hidden backbones. Others grow relaxed, perhaps from soothing sips and autumn sun.



Proper placement is important to these ghoulish guardians of house and lawn. The point is, naturally, that they remain in full view of passersby. So they take up residence in front yards. They slouch haphazardly against buildings, embrace lamp-posts, or hang from maple boughs.

Some cling to fences while others sprawl crazily over rocks or hummocks, and a few daring bogies perch precariously on roof-tops. Some are staked out, squat and stolid, half-hidden among

bushes. And a few, granted their stick skeletons, are free-standing—lumpy, straw-filled burlap bags piled one upon another, anchored and topped with huge pumpkin heads.

But they assume their most natural position when settled like overgrown rag dolls on lawn furniture. You see them propped up in straight-backed chairs or reclining in swings and on couches or sitting astride porch railings roped against posts, a hand raised in the act of waving.

Some of the fanciest Harvest Figures appear year after year at the same roadside stands. They are good country-style advertising, designed to amuse tourists and to help sell bumper crops of garden produce. A few become permanent fixtures and are very elaborate. You see family groups or grumpy grandpas or bosomy old ladies posed in rocking chairs, real as life, caricatures of the farm folk of yesteryear. Most often you see the familiar likeness of a farmer and his wife mounted on the seat of a freshly-painted spring bed wagon, as though headed for town with a load of pumpkins.

Sometimes their blob of an offspring huddles nearby, a pumpkin-faced bump-

The inherent urge in all mankind to portray the human form, whether for artistic or utilitarian purposes, is quite often expressed by the transitory folk figures which crop up in rural landscapes.

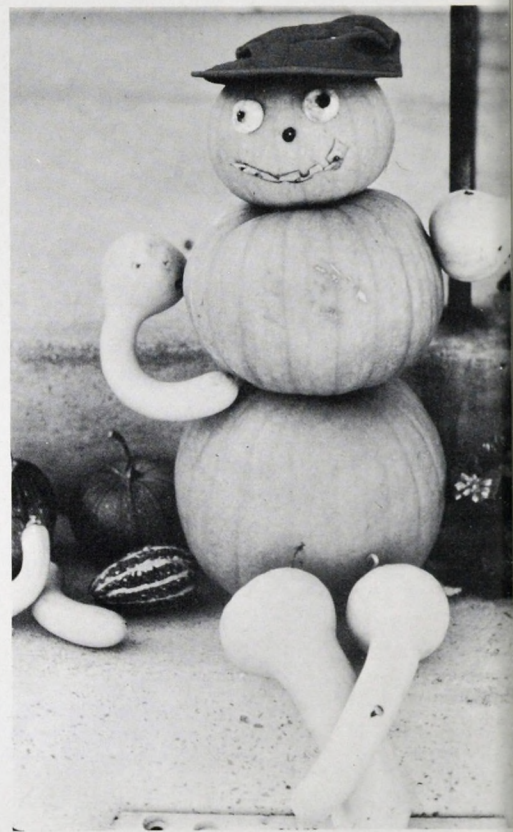
By their very nature, as well as the materials of their construction, these spontaneous creations are shortlived.

Harvest Figures rarely survive the first onslaught of winter, and Snowmen simply melt away during any prolonged warm spell. In a few instances especially contrived Scarecrows are taken up, stored, refurbished and set out again during subsequent spring plantings.

During their appropriate reigns these colorful manikins appear throughout New England. Perhaps it is no accident that Vermonters furnish some of the most sprightly examples. It seems that those very qualities which encouraged such rugged individualism among their ancestors have carried over to spark the ingenuity which goes into making these modern-day folk art figures.

shorter run from Brattleboro to Bellows Falls, all up and down the Connecticut River, and beside every cross-country road. They appear singly, in pairs or as families. Nor is it unusual to see an entire village street lined with these lovable creatures. In some parts of the country prizes are given for the most apt and ingenious creations.

Parents, still only a brief memory away from childhood themselves, need very little encouragement to begin building a front yard monster. They pretend it is no more than a concession to some childish whim. "It's a kid's thing," one father insisted, as he methodically stuffed the belly and sleeves with straw, and his wife



kin with turned up collar and ear-muffled hunting cap hiding his features. More calculated than spur-of-the-moment, these are for tourists to waste film upon and one suspects if he were to probe their leafy insides he'd find no heart.

The making of Harvest Figures is primarily a phenomenon of village or country life. It is a sort of homage paid to the gods of harvest. Such a feeling does not prevail in the city. There, such traditions have been lost—there is no time, the opportunities are not the same.

Diversified ancestry—draped sheeted, stuffed sack figures, squash limbs, paper bag heads—is harvest figures' hallmark.

A good number of the ghouls and goblins we see today are directly inspired by television or comic strip characters. They crop up in the most unlikely places throughout rural New England. Vermont is a veritable breeding ground, where scores of assorted Harvest Figures are spawned on the long stretch between Bennington and Burlington and the

painted mustachioed flourishes on a paper bag face. Nearby their toddler played in the leaves.

People are quick to acknowledge that this practice is one of America's most colorful customs, but nobody quite knows how it began. Whatever the origins were they now seem lost to antiquity. Fashions have changed, trends have come and gone, and lately an altogether different emphasis has been placed upon the figures themselves. It does have something to do with surplus and abundance, the freedom



to throw away edible food, to carve pumpkins into funny faces instead of baking them into pies. And there are elements of many Old World celebrations—All Souls' Night, The Day of the Dead, Guy Fawkes Day, Walpurgis Night—combined with the ritual of harvest.

Harvest Figures don't last long after Hallowe'en. Chill rains turn them soggy and their clothes droop and fade. If they are not taken indoors they eventually crumble, their leafy innards mingling with the litter that is raked from the lawn. The

ragged coat gets returned to a peg in the barn and the rest is carted off to the dump. Only the pumpkin remains—shrunk and collapsed, traces of a grotesque grin still visible, kicked into a corner to lie buried in leaves.

This is no pitiful ending. After all, it is in keeping with the established order of things. The Harvest Figure has served its purpose. It was remnants in the beginning, remnants collected into an hour of glory; now it is remnants again.

The sky turns gray, and there is a feel of snow in the air. If it packs well, a Snowman will soon stand where the Harvest Figure stood. And, as the kids down the road observed, "A Snowman is something else again. . . ." ∞

This is the first of three articles considering Harvest Figures, Snowmen and Scarecrows as folk art phenomena.

*Up and bustling, hours before dawn
the ladies of Groton's Methodist Church
have laid out a full and hearty*

Breakfast for the Hunters

*by LOUIS A. LAMOUREUX
Photographs by HANSON CARROLL*

IF IT WERE A LEGAL HOLIDAY, the first day of the deer hunting season would be the best observed of all in Vermont. Falling on the second Saturday of November, it ushers in a sixteen day period when the world of man and boy is circumscribed by what can be seen through binoculars and rifle sights. The Vermont Fish and Game Department estimates that on that day at least three fourths of the 138,000 license holders have Vermont's 250,000 white-tail deer population on the run.

Many women hunt as avidly as men, but most wives and mothers, during these days, surrender their menfolk with uncomplaining resignation to the daylong pursuit of the antlered species. By tradition and instinct, Vermont women send their hunters off to the woods with a hearty pre-dawn breakfast. Acting upon this motive and the desire to enjoy a little fringe excitement — not to mention the eternal challenge to feminine ingenuity to recoup a little capital out of man's self-indulgence —

Workers start the long morning at 3:30 a.m.



Short order cooking brings hot platters to hungry hunters, seated at right under encouraging trophies.



the good ladies of the WSCS (Women's Society for Christian Service) at the Groton Methodist Church serve an annual hunters' breakfast.

At 3:30 a.m. the ladies arrive from the several parts of town at the Methodist Church; in the dark and sleeping village the white steeple and front of the church is awash with floodlighting. The ladies are: Mrs. Toni Miller, president of the WSCS; Mrs. Janet Puffer and Mrs. Bing Page, co-chairmen of the breakfast; Mrs. Isa Vinton, Mrs. Ruby Tinkham, Mrs. Linda Whitehill, and Mrs. Earline Palmer.

The church basement has been set up the day before: long tables covered with white paper; the effigy of a tired hunter, with paper-bag head, resting under a spruce tree; deer heads; and various stuffed animals — three coons sporting on the branches of a tree, a crouching bobcat, a hawk and an owl. Photos of past hunting exploits in the Groton area are displayed.

Old hands at putting on public meals, the cheerful crew, amazingly nimble and chatty considering the unearthly hour, soon have pot covers bouncing with steam. The full menu is soon



Comfortably warmed and victualed, hunters pay their bills as they leave the church.





Home-made doughnuts are Vermont essentials.

identifiable in a variety of tantalizing aromas: slabs of ham and eggs — up sizzling on the grill, pots of coffee perking, towers of toast drenched in butter, potatoes hissing in frying pans. There is orange juice and “cow juice,” too — for this is dairy country — and heaps of fat home-made doughnuts. Isa Vinton, a veteran church worker of immense good humor, stirs the plopping oatmeal and comments, “I hate to see it cooking.” “All you can eat for a dollar and a half,” the ladies have advertized.

It is 4:30. A heavy step is heard upon the creaking stair and another — the hunters are beginning to arrive, blinking at the bright light. Young men, old men, boys — all are togged in heavy, red, mackinaw clothing and booted. They hang their red hunting caps on a row of wooden pegs and stack their rifles underneath on an old bench with reversible back and iron arms, salvaged long ago when the railroad depot was dismantled.

By two and threes and fours they come. Most are strangers who have driven through several darkened towns and are pleased to have found a place to eat. Some are quiet, either out of a natural reserve among strangers or because they are numbed by sleepiness;



Hunters face the chill and still-darkened morning with varying amounts of enthusiasm.

others bound into the room in a flourish of high spirits, at home easily in a strange place. A boy leans back in the high-backed kitchen chair, stretches his arms and yawns unabashed. Conversation is oriented to the one subject in which, today, they feel a common bond.

Abundant food, served hot and quickly is the tradition of this breakfast, and the waitresses glide about the tables to keep the platters filled, urging more upon the unprotesting guests, and wittily responding to the polite banter.

Sated, the hunters strap on their gear, and leave the pleasant warmth of the hall. A parting message from the ladies is read as they climb the stairs. Placards tacked to each riser read: “Good Luck!

We thank you. Your wife thanks you. Your mother thanks you. Come again.” Outside in the bracing air, they pause on the church steps for a moment to appraise the band of dawnlight against which the houses of the waking village are silhouetted. They part with hasty wishes for success and go their solitary ways — into the expansive hunting grounds of Groton. Many will not see another human again until dusk falls.

The ladies stay on until eight, count the cash that will go for the good works of their society. They close up and return to their homes — perhaps to catch a little more sleep, but certainly to await the return of their own menfolk from the hunt.

On the Making of an Innkeeper

Described by BORDEN and LOUISE AVERY

Photographs by HANSON CARROLL

The desire expressed by many newcomers to go into innkeeping has prompted VERMONT LIFE to ask the owners of the Avery Vermont Inns as to the ingredients of their success. To answer the typical query "Did you study for it, or just go at it?" the Averys' accumulated experience before they struck out on their own was: Borden left Middlebury College in 1936 to earn money to continue pre-law by working throughout the North-east as everything from bellhop and baker's helper to steward and manager, from rustic inns to a Boston after-theater restaurant to the Lake

Placid Club to a cut-throat operation in a Connecticut industrial town. He and Louise met in Middlebury in 1941 while he was a steward at the Middlebury Inn and she was a secretary at the college; they returned to run the Connecticut hotel (under new ownership), and operated inns in Enosburg and Lyndonville before Borden went into war work and, in 1943, army service in the Pacific. We pick up the Averys' story, in their own words in response to questions, with Borden's return to civilian life in the Spring of 1946. . . .

STEPHEN and JANET GREENE

BEING A slightly independent Vermonter, I'd gotten pretty well fed up with the army's restrictions and red tape and people giving me orders. Whatever I did when out of the service, I wanted to be my own boss.

Perhaps we had several reasons for ending up in Norwich. One was that this was my home area, where my uncle had been the country doctor all his life. More important, though, it had something we could almost afford. With only \$400 and no financial backing, we looked at only the hotels in deep trouble — those either completely closed up, or ones that should have been.

The Norwich Inn was built in 1797, initially as a posh country home, by a fellow who wanted to get away from the world. Then he discovered that people were moving in around him — this kind of thing apparently also went on in the 18th century — so he sold it and it became an inn. Even then it had many visitors to Norwich University, which was located in Norwich until 1866, and to Dartmouth. (The college is just across the Connecticut River.) There's been an inn on the site ever since then. The original building burned in 1889, was rebuilt on the same foundations and along the same lines the following year. We're the third owners of the present building.

In 1946 the Inn had ten rooms and one bath. It had been closed for three years, and the owner was in a mood to

get rid of it somehow. The local banker we talked to did his best to persuade us that the place wasn't for us or any one else: he'd lived in Norwich all his life, and had never seen an operator generate much success there.

Our determination to take it was strengthened by the fact we had no other choice. Anything else of any apparent value required a moderate amount of

capital. We had our GI Bill to guarantee a loan that would help us somewhat with a mortgage, and we talked the owner into taking a second mortgage after the bank gave us the first. Even then we were a couple of thousand dollars shy, and Louise's father helped us with a note that finally consummated the deal.

We took possession on July 1, 1946, moved in ourselves, and had a room ready for rent that first night.

And, yes, we had a customer for it — a traveling salesman whose usual accommodations were booked up. I guess we were probably a last resort for him.

All this was right after the war when you couldn't buy anything without priority, and of course we had no priority with furniture dealers or the meat houses or the bedding people, or anyone else. They naturally had to take care of their customers first — and they probably regarded us as pretty risky in any case.

So that first day of July we did just what we'd seen done before in poor, rundown hotels: we went through the place for such respectable furniture as we could find — or at least semi-respectable — and got just the one room ready for that first night.

For the entire first summer we could get only one set of linens for each guest room, which meant that it had to be washed in order to rent the room the next night. Dashing to Borden's grand-



Avery, son Allen driving, at Montpelier.

mother's to borrow her washer in the morning, on the lines to dry, ironing in late afternoon and back on the beds that night. Fortunately that summer was a good drying summer, or we would have been out of business!

What with the shortages, we couldn't get enough sheets to build up our inventory. So we kept to this schedule of doing a wash in Hanover, and using the money we got for a room to buy a can of paint or something like that, and buying what sheets and pillow cases we could find.

The painting and papering? We did it all ourselves. Piecemeal, getting one room after another fixed up. Every few days we'd assemble another room, and somehow, it seemed that each time we had a new room ready, we found somebody who wanted to rent it.

Meanwhile, we opened the dining room three days later, on the Fourth of July — not because we were ready but because we felt we would be shirking our innkeeping duty by not serving food. I did the cooking and Louise did all the frontwork. But contrary to usual procedure we did no advertising, and made no announcements about serving meals, because we were petrified that somebody might come if we did. A few days later we hired one waitress to help us. And she's still working with us at the present time. She's been with us over twenty years — a wonderful, loyal girl.

Each year we continued to improve the property and now the Inn has 30 guest rooms and baths and several dining rooms. The Ranger Room utilizes the lovely old brick and stone foundations of the 1797 building as its walls.

The next year, our second one, we wanted to add another bath in time for Dartmouth's commencement, and the plumbers assured us they could get it in within six days before that date. So we committed ourselves to a reservation over commencement for an extra room with a private bath.

By Thursday of the weekend, though, it became obvious that we were running way behind schedule. We looked over our reservations and found that one party who wanted a bath would be coming in on the sleeper very late in the evening. Immediately we assigned the unfinished room to the party coming late, and told the work crew it would have to be finished that night.

Well, the party arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon instead of late in the evening: they'd caught an earlier train and were delighted that they would not be keeping us up late. (For reasons of our own we were not as delighted as they were.) We told them we were sorry, their room wasn't ready yet. And it certainly wasn't: there wasn't a stick of furniture in the room, the plumbing fixtures were sitting out in the hall, and there were piles of old plaster and every-

thing else stacked in the middle of the floor. This was at four in the afternoon.

We opened the windows, took scoop shovels and shoveled the plaster out the windows, and by eleven o'clock that night the toilet fixtures were attached, and the furniture installed. When we took our guests in to their room we told them that we hadn't quite been able to complete the painting and paperhanging — a rather obvious fact.

Neither guest nor innkeeper mentioned the condition of the room again. They were the nicest people. They knew we were sweating blood and were trying to get the thing done for them.

We struggled and worked together building up the Norwich Inn, and it has been gratifying to watch it develop and come to life. We feel a village needs an inn; a country inn has something that can't be replaced.

There were many people who were kind to us in those early years. We still think gratefully of the consideration that the older hotel people — most of them gone now — gave us when we were struggling and unknown and uncared for.

There are an amazing number of interesting small inns in Vermont, and all those Vermont innkeepers who have done a great job over the years have been wonderfully helpful to us.

I think two things in particular make Vermont inns different from those in



The four Averys visit with a friend in front of the Norwich Inn.

other places. One is that we're not all out competing with each other. Or you could put it that we're friendly competitors. We don't hesitate for a second to pick up the phone and call a nearby innkeeper to discuss a problem that's cropped up, and we know we'll receive a sympathetic ear. It's the sort of situation where every one of us is hoping the other fellow's going to do well.

The other thing is that an unusual number of Vermont hotels are family-owned or personally run. And the owner-operator doesn't necessarily "go by the book." He knows what the book says should be done, and then adapts the rules to better fit his inn's personality. We take liberties with the standardized way of doing things. And this seems to make Vermont inns more interesting, because they're run by individualists and personalities, however odd they may be.

Oh, there's lots of examples. There's the fellow who refuses to call guests in the morning. To get around having to, he has an electric clock in every room; if you want to get up at a certain hour, you can jolly well set your own alarm clock.

What all this boils down to is that in Vermont, innkeeping is much less of a set business where you may never see or hear the owner of the property. You can seldom stay in a Vermont Inn and not feel some sort of attachment or interest in the place. Management's concern for the personal comfort and welfare of guests in Vermont inns makes every employee a good innkeeper within himself, too. Some of the finest operations in America are staffed by crews recruited from this region.

At Avery Inns there are four of us: Louise and I, and our son Allen and his wife, Susan. We are not absentee owners; many days will find one or all of us in each of our three Inns, and seldom a day without an Avery at one of them. Our idea is to have as many guests in each Inn as is possible know one or all of us.

After eight years at Norwich we'd converted the garage area into a motel to create more sleeping space, and were about to make other changes, when the owners of Bonnie Oaks, a summer resort in Fairlee along the shores of Lake Morey, came to us with a proposition. They wanted to sell out, but wanted to be sure that someone would carry on Bonnie Oaks for the old guests, whom they felt obligated to. For some reason they thought we were the people who should carry it on.

This time there was no \$400 and no GI loan and everything we had taken in had been put right back into improving Norwich Inn. We were just beginning to feel reasonably secure. But not secure enough to buy another inn.

Nevertheless we went up there on a busman's holiday to see what the setup was. This was in March; all the buildings were closed, the furniture was covered and the whole place was snowbound. But it was a sunny day and Bonnie Oaks just seemed to radiate personality, even in the closed-up cold state. The charm was there so strongly that we simply couldn't resist it. Like a fireman's love for fires, we seem to love inns.

The upshot was, in July of 1954 we found ourselves — with the help of our same good banker — opening Bonnie Oaks in much the same manner, but on a larger scale, as we had done at the Norwich Inn back in '46.

We kept on with the pattern we'd established at Norwich, borrowing as much money as we could for renovations and to increase facilities, building up the staff, getting promotion and a mailing list started. Again we were lucky, for Bonnie Oaks has shown a continual growth, as Norwich has, each year.

Allen is resident manager at Bonnie Oaks and Susie looks after the activities and entertainment schedule there. They also are very helpful in projecting new

young ideas and helping with decisions at Norwich and Montpelier as well.

So another eight years went by. Then Robert Cleveland, the majority owner of the Montpelier Tavern Hotel, approached us about taking over there. It was the same story: he wanted it to go to people who'd run it as a family operation. And it was the same old challenge, and once again we took it. We bought the Tavern in October of 1962.

Since then we've opened a 39-room addition over the parking lot, built the Justin Morgan Room, constructed a ballroom and bought three large business blocks adjoining along State Street to give us land to expand if this seems the thing to do. We also changed the name to Tavern Motor Inn.

It's different from Bonnie Oaks and Norwich — Bonnie Oaks is a lakeside summer resort and Norwich is a village inn, and in comparison you might call the Tavern a little capital city hotel. But I wouldn't call it a commercial hotel, in the sense that places outside Vermont are. Even though some Vermont hotels may be in what are considered commercial locations, they all have tourists and skiers and recreation nearby, just as the Tavern does, and they, too, have vacationers who use the hotels for headquarters for motor trips to favorite spots. Vermont hotels are not "commercial" in the commercial sense.

It's important to take part in civic af-



Rustic Bonnie Oaks stands in Fairlee on the east shore of Lake Morey.

fairs, too. We've always been active in community work. A good house of hospitality, run by people they know, is a focal point for a town, and the local people need such a meeting-place in much the same way as they need a church or a hospital.

... Before striking out on his own, Borden worked for hotel people of varying types, not staying long in any one place because he felt he needed to broaden his background. He recalled two experiences that had particular impact as object-lessons. . .

Back in 1937, before Louise and I had met, I went to work at the Lake Placid Club during the Christmas holiday ski rush because I thought it would be glamorous and exciting. I became steward shortly after I arrived, though — and it was a real education.

There was no such thing as saying "No" to a member at the club: if he wanted special fresh fruit that was available only from Hawaii, you radioed Honolulu and had it shipped in regardless of cost. And because those were the days of fresh vegetables, rather than frozen, in the middle of the week I would phone the market in Albany to ship us enough fresh spinach or peas, say, to feed the thousand guests who were due Friday night for a skiing weekend. And countless times while the trailer truck was actually unloading, the rain would come pouring down; almost everybody

would be cancelling their reservations, and after the weekend we'd have to truck all the surplus vegetables to the dump. It was a tremendous loss, a loss modern innkeeping cannot afford.

Just the opposite of the Lake Placid experience was the job I had in '39 in a hotel in Connecticut. The owner was out to make money, and nothing more, and he certainly gave me an intensive course in just how to do that. I think of him as an "investor," not an "innkeeper."

His business was buying and selling hotels. He'd buy a run-down and obsolete property, move all the halfway decent furniture from around the place into one room, paper and paint that room for a few dollars, and have a "grand opening," inviting all the local people in to see what he was doing to renovate the hotel. He didn't mention that all the rest of the rooms were still a shambles, or that he had no intention of replacing even a burnt-out light bulb.

He'd run the hotel for all it was worth for six months — really milk it. Then he'd call in a broker and tell him he was ready to sell. The broker would bring over a customer, whom the operator showed all around, commenting, "Isn't this awful? You wouldn't think anybody would ever stay here and put up with this kind of thing, would you?"

After he had the guy really horrified with the place, he'd invite him into the office to look at the books. "But see

right here," he'd say to the customer, "this is what we're netting on this place in only the six months we've been here. Just think what you could do with this property if it was fixed up!" And the poor guy, taken in by all this, might pay about three times what the operator had paid originally for the place, and the operator would move on to another hotel.

It was a perfect example of how to make money but not friends in the hotel business. Each of these two extremes of hotel operating taught me a great deal. It was then my problem to evaluate them.

Any operator of any hotel has the responsibility, if he wants to be in the business, to see to it that people's desires are met. There are many families who put their vacation dollars with us, and who tell us that their two or three weeks at Bonnie Oaks each summer are the high point of their year. It is our challenge and our responsibility to see that they realize the dreams they've had for their vacations.

By golly, they put their savings and their trust in you. And just as they expect from their minister a certain degree of spiritual guidance, from an innkeeper they should expect a certain amount of human restoration.

... then the Averys gave their rules of thumb for successful innkeeping. . .

A hotel person should also be a bit like a doctor. We see a sick, run-down



Justin Morgan Room is a popular gathering place for Legislators and other capital visitors.

place, and our first instinct is to want to fix it up. Or maybe it's like the housewife who's expecting company in her home. She tries to put the house in apple-pie order, and to make meals a little better than the run-of-the-mill the family gets. And just as you don't go away when you have company in your house, we develop a sort of guilt complex when away from ours and our guests.

Then, of course, you've got to like people. Without that interest it would be horrible, and the innkeeper a total failure.

This means having a sincere interest not only in the guests and their well-being and their families, but also in the staff. We have a very large staff — something like 180 to 190 people in the summer, including all three places. They're marvelous people who radiate and add to our personality. And we're enthusiastic over the futures of the kids who have worked for us, many of whom are doing well in good hotels and similar operations all over the United States.

Long hours and hard work are a requirement of successful innkeeping. We're not trying to make this sound good — it's difficult to pinpoint the satisfaction of it exactly. But we get a great deal of pleasure out of working hard at a job we love.

And we've been awfully lucky all these years. Sometimes we wonder if our luck is going to change. Everybody has to have his tough days. Then we think of some of our tough days, and wonder if it isn't an attitude of optimism that is more important than anything else.

People are always telling us, "Your experience is unique; you couldn't do it today." Our optimism answers "Why not?"

It's the attitude of the individual, really, rather than the attitude of the public. The public is interested in seeing improvements, and they're with you if you work with them; they're with you because you're winning, so to speak. No, we're firmly convinced that an individual, if he wants to, can do what he wants to do. Even today.

He must realize that he's not going to build a business in a day and a night, and he may never drive the fanciest cars. But if he is willing to get in and work and push for it, opportunity still exists.

Oh, sure, a person who wants guaranteed security can't be in business for himself. But if he enjoys a flair for chance and gamble, it's fun to work the thing out. We know it has for us. 



Averys have brought most change to Montpelier inn, this year adding new wing, to left.

VL REPORTS



Third Annual Tour

SAMUEL R. OGDEN

SO LET'S START out again touring the byways which follow mountain brooks, to see the glory of the turning leaves, and to gain a view of Vermont which can only be seen from roads seldom shown on travel maps.

Again the trip explores southern Vermont. I had not planned it this way, but my trial run must take place a year before the account of it appears, and this time unseasonal snow and ice forced me to change my plans. And with this confession I must include a warning: Do not get caught in ice and snow as I did. Many of the roads cross high elevations, and to get stuck on some remote track could prove an unpleasant experience; so do not put off your trip until the last moment.

We start, then, in Londonderry, at the Post Office, headed east on Route #11. Straight on through the village, past the old barn whose sides proclaim in large letters, "You can't mistake the flavor — Beechnut." (Does this constitute a billboard?) And on, past the entrance to the Magic Mountain ski area, to a right-hand road 4.8 miles from our start. Turn right here on Route #121 which is marked Grafton, etc. We are headed for Grafton, but we will arrive there by a devious and more interesting route. After two miles we come to a dirt road four-corners and take the left-hand road which is not marked. This road passes through a region known as Popple Dungeon, a name that raises questions which I am unable to answer. There will be a fork at 1.8 miles from our turn and here we bear right where a sign points the way to the "Tater Hill Country Club," which we come to in about .5 miles. This golf course is being built on remote acres which not too long ago raised thousands of bushels of potatoes, and this indicates the trend; in Vermont potato patches are being turned into country clubs. But stick with the Popple Dungeon road for 5 more miles, all of it lonesome and some of it a bit rough, at which point we get back on blacktop again. In 2.1 miles we come to the end of this road and turn right on Route #35 which leads to a junction with Route #121 again in the village of Grafton, just 5.8 miles from where we turned onto #35.

It might be well to explore this charming village, (see VERMONT LIFE, Summer 1968). Off the beaten track and unspoiled, by great good fortune foundation funds are being used for its refurbishing. The village has character and homogeneity, and the restorations include the Grafton Inn, an 1801 stagecoach inn which is now a charming hostelry.

We turn briefly right on #121 (the principal street of the village) then turn left after .2 of a mile at the corner where the Tavern stands. Headed south again now, we come to the cheese factory which is on the left .5 miles from the Tavern. Soon we

run off the blacktop but pick it up again before entering Townshend village which is 10.7 miles from Grafton.

At the village green in Townshend, Route #35 joins with more heavily traveled Route #30 which follows the West River southeast, until it joins the Connecticut at Brattleboro. But we follow only as far as Newfane, notable for the beautiful Windham County Court House. Here is another old coaching inn, the Newfane Inn, opened in 1787 and famous nationwide for its French cuisine. We turn right in front of the inn just 5.1 miles distant from the Townshend green. At the head of the Newfane green we turn right, in front of the Library. We keep on this dirt road which is marked "South Wardsboro," to one mile short of that place. At 2 miles from the village green in Newfane there is a road off to the left, but pay no attention. Keep straight on through some lovely country to a point 7.5 miles from the Court House. At this juncture there is a road off to the left marked by a yellow birch tree, which is plastered with many signboards, and this is our road. If you miss this turn, in one mile you will come to the tiny village of South Wardsboro. In that case, retrace your way to the yellow birch tree.

Again stick to the main traveled road; you are headed for East Dover. After about 3.5 miles is an attractive white house on the left marked 1790. About a mile beyond this you will join with a blacktop road which comes in from the right; now keep straight ahead, past the East Dover post office and in 3.2 miles you will come to the village of South Newfane. Here, where a country store stands at the juncture, you make a sharp right up a short pitch, onto another blacktop which soon crosses a covered bridge and follows up the Marlboro Brook. No chance to get lost here; just keep straight ahead on the main-traveled way which, before long, turns into gravel but is perfectly good. This road climbs continuously, and 6.5 miles from South Newfane debouches onto the Molly Stark Trail, Route #9. Turn left on this main road for .6 of a mile, at which point the highway veers to the left and an unmarked dirt road goes straight ahead. Take this dirt road for a bit less than one mile and you will come out in Marlboro village.

I have brought you to this place so that, if you choose to, (and it is worth the trip), you can explore the campus of Marlboro College which lies straight on beyond the village about 2 miles distant. This is where the wonderful summer concerts of the Marlboro Music School are held.

Those of you who have had enough now can tool back to Route #9 and turn either left for Bennington or right to Brattleboro. But I hope you will not give up, for this last half of the trip, I promise you, is even more interesting than the first.

Assuming that you have the courage to continue, retrace your way to Route #9, keeping to the right in Marlboro village instead of the way you came in, and turn right on Route #9. After traveling toward Brattleboro for 1.3 miles you will find a road off to the left marked "Hidden Lake Lodge." Take this road, and after .2 miles bear right on the road which leads past Sunset Lake and down the Stickney Brook. We can continue on the first road for a look at Hidden Lake less than a mile beyond our turn, and the lodge thereon is a quiet and nice place to stay. But if we continue along the Sunset Lake road we catch glimpses of the lake through the trees on the left after about 2.5 miles. Just past the lake bear left down the hill and then turn right, following always along down the Stickney Brook, until the road ends where it joins Route #30.

The ride down through Stickney Brook Ravine, somewhat less than 4 miles, is a place worth seeing, for its wooded sides are steep and wild. It is a road to be descended with caution, but beautiful all the way. At its juncture with Route #30 there

stands the Old Jelly Mill with the brook running by its side. Unexpectedly the traveler gains a view of the back of this building just as he has lost all hope of ever returning to civilization. With astonishment he sees this place suddenly appear in the deep woods straight before him, and sees through its windows people eating lunch.

This building, just off Route #30, has been converted into a charming restaurant and gift shop. From one of the windows overlooking the stream, which at this point forms a cascade over the granite rocks, one can view a very mysterious phenomenon of nature. About halfway down the perpendicular face of rock a jet of water emerges, as if it were a man-made fountain.

We are back on Route #30 again, but not for long. Turn to the left on it for a matter of 200 yards or so and then right onto an iron bridge which crosses the West River. Across the bridge turn upstream again, to the left, and follow a dirt road past the now-abandoned granite quarries. The road runs right through the old millyard with the quarries close by on the right-hand side. This is a fascinating place, but for me the principal items of interest are the high laurel bushes which grow along both sides of the road. This must be, I think, the Mountain Laurel, and it is the only place I have seen it in Vermont. Some of these bushes are fifteen feet high.

The road now joins the highway between West Dummerston and Dummerston Center a few hundred yards before coming to the long covered bridge which crosses the West River (about 1.5 miles upstream from the iron bridge we crossed). So if you want to have a look at this fine old wooden bridge go past our junction a bit, then come back and proceed up the hill on the

blacktop 2.5 miles to Dummerston Center. Here turn left (the church on the right-hand corner), then bear right after about 300 yards at a "Y," at the apex of which stands a great locust tree bearing the sign, "Putney West Hill."

At 1.8 miles keep left, our road being again marked "Putney Hill." After 2.5 miles bear sharp left at a red school house and keep straight ahead on the road marked Dusty Ridge. After 1.5 miles turn right and then in 1.2 miles make a sharp left. After 1.2 miles another turn, this time sharply to the left. There follow now two left-hand turns in succession, the first after one mile, the next one after 1.1 miles; then bear right after 1.1; after all these turns it is straight ahead coming back onto blacktop in .6 miles. Now we descend into the charming village of Westminster West. As we join the main road from Putney, the church is on our right, and then the ancient country store and post office on the left side.

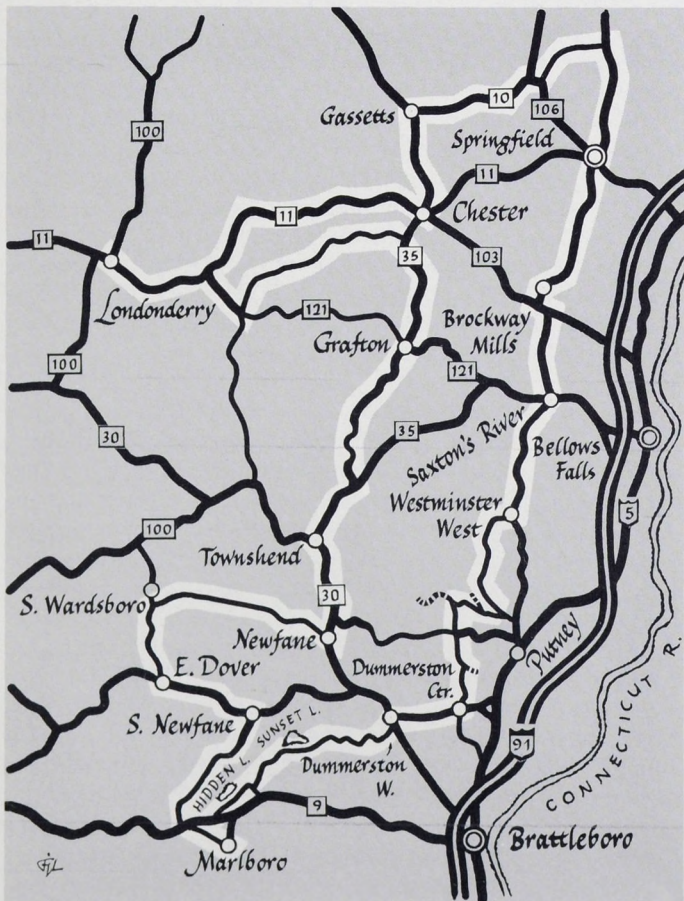
All of these twistings and turnings have been a bit complicated, but in my opinion worth the trouble for the views of the countryside one gets. At Dummerston Center it would have been simpler to follow the Putney Hill Road, past the entrance to the Putney School down to the end of the road. A left turn here and then soon a right (the principal road) would put us on the road we have just joined here in Westminster West.

Now we follow on this main road past the Kurn Hattin School and come out in the village of Saxton's River, the home of Vermont Academy, about 6 miles from the church in Westminster West. Now, back on Route #121, turn left on it for .3 miles at which point we turn right on a road marked "Chester." We follow this, the Pleasant Valley Road, to its end, where it joins busy Route #103 after 5.1 miles. Here we turn left for a brief hundred yards or so, turning right on the Brockway Mills road, which is marked "Chester." At the bottom of the hill we cross the Williams River and catch a glimpse of the deep chasm through which the river runs. It is worth a stop; there are great pot-holes, too.

Now keep on the main road all the time and in about 7.5 miles we hit Route #11 just east of Springfield village. Turn left through the center of the village, past second main stoplight and, just beyond, where stands the church with the painted clock on its tower, turn right on Valley St. Just 5.5 miles beyond the church turn left on a dirt road and in 1.5 miles you come to a brick house on the right. Just beyond turn left on the blacktop. This road leads down the left bank of the Black River. After 3.2 miles turn right on a road which crosses the river on the flood control dam. Keep on past the Springfield Airport and a bit less than one mile from the dam you will come to Route #10 marked "Gassetts." Stay on #10 to its end in Gassetts, then go left onto Route #103 as far as Chester village. Just before coming back on Route #11 again, you will pass by a remarkable group of nine stone houses with a stone church and school house in their midst. These are worth seeing, for both their architecture and the mason work are notable. At 5.2 miles from the turn at Gassetts you are back at Route #11 just about 16 miles east of our starting point. So turn right here in Chester village and head back for Londonderry if you wish to complete the circuit.

The total tour is about 80 miles. It should make a leisurely day, including a meal at one of the fine eating places along the way, and leaving time perhaps for a brief look at Marlboro College, Putney School, Kurn Hattin School and Vermont Academy.

In closing I pray that you who take on the adventure neither get lost nor run out of gas nor have a flat, and that you find the trip as exciting as I did!



Green Mountain



POST BOY

A new Vermont confection will be found at Vermont country fairs this autumn — maple cotton candy spun on regular cotton candy machines but using real maple syrup. Invented by Donna S. Smith, an enterprising farmer's wife from Shrewsbury, it took first prize in the maple competition at the Rutland Fair last year.

Speaking of food specialties, as Mrs. Appleyard is on page 58 of this issue of the succulent Vermont hams, the Postboy has compiled a listing of several sources for Vermont hams. The concerns which are starred do not ship, and because of new federal regulations others may not be shipping at this time. Write them for details, or visit:

- Barton — Dean Comstock, cob smoked
- Bennington — Williams IGA, 1001 Main St., cob smoked
- * Brattleboro — Bushnell's, 94 Elliot St., cob smoked
- * Burlington — John McKenzie Packing Co. (retailers only). maple smoked
- * East Hardwick — East Hardwick Locker, cob smoked
- Fair Haven — Little's Market, cob smoked
- Ferrisburg — Dakin Farm, cob smoked
- * Ludlow — Black River Co-operative Locker, cob smoked
- * Manchester Center — Battenkill Locker, maple & hickory smoked
- Milton — Ryan's Market, cob smoked
- Montgomery — Puffer's IGA, cob smoked
- * Reading — Watkins' General Store, cob smoked
- Richmond (also Shelburne & Stowe) — Harrington's, cob & maple smoked
- Rutland — Percy Wood Store, 109 Lincoln Ave., cob smoked
- South Barre — Roland's Smoked Meat, cob & maple smoked
- Springfield — Springfield Freeze Locker, hickory smoked
- Townshend — Lawrence Smoke Shop, cob smoked
- Wallingford — Wallingford Freeze Locker, cob smoked
- * West Woodstock — Country Butcher Shop, maple smoked

The Vermont colleges and universities treated within this issue's major, centerspread feature on higher education all have been accredited by their appropriate professional rating groups. This necessarily, and unfortunately, omits recently established colleges, certified by the State to grant degrees, which have not been in existence long enough to be accredited. Reprints of this Colleges article may be secured by writing the Publicity Division, Vermont Development Dep't. in Montpelier.

The long arm of advertising reached out this last spring from the Vermont village of Pittsfield almost to Italy, according

to a *New York Daily News* report. A young couple from Rome arrived in New York seeking their uncle, who had a furniture store located vaguely some distance from New York. Best clue was his unusual name of Cerro. By checking names in the New York area, one Cerro was found who remembered such a store in Vermont and then unearthed an advertising yardstick with Uncle Mario Cerro's Vermont address and telephone number. The happy relatives soon were united.

Correspondent Bob Hagerman notes to us an unusual occurrence at the March meeting held in Morristown just a century ago. Election results, as reported by the press of that time, were:

"Fence Viewers: E. M. Irish — weight 300 lbs; Leonard Wood — height 6 feet 8 inches; and 'Banty Terrill — size of a tame cherry.

"Voted: that all fences upon which Irish could sit, that Wood couldn't straddle nor Banty crawl through, should be deemed legal fences."

Vermont's astonishing anti-sign legislation, predicted in our Summer issue, came to pass in the closing days of the 1968 legislative session. It will become effective at the end of this month in Windham and Windsor counties and will apply to all of Vermont next July 1st.

The heroically proportioned statue of Samuel Champlain, sculpted to its present 12 foot, 15 ton dimensions at Expo 67 in Montreal, was erected this past July at Isle La Motte, on the site where the discoverer of Vermont is supposed to have first set foot. The statue faces the southwest, perhaps to determine whether those really were snowcapped peaks which the explorer thought he saw in July of 1609.

Farther south on Lake Champlain, a report was presented this past winter that the 437-square mile lake is leaking — perhaps always has. Dr. E. B. Henson, director of the University of Vermont's Lake Champlain Studies Center found that when the lake's discharge via the Richelieu River, plus evaporation and municipal water use, is subtracted from the lake's inflows from rivers and springs and from rainfall, the answer isn't zero, as one would suppose. In other words, the lake must be supplying water for new springs that crop up elsewhere. Champlain contains 363 billion cubic feet of water, and about one-third of that volume flows into its basin each year.

The passing of another landmark occurred in Vermont last Winter. Roger Griffith noted in the *Boston Globe* the retirement from the Statehouse here of some 183 legislative cuspidors and a smaller number of handsome, silver-plated gaboons, which had graced the deliberative chambers and lobbies for a century. "This tragic milestone," one legislator lamented, "goes to show that chewing tobacco has now been replaced by bubble gum."

Vermont's distinguished former U.S. Senator Ralph E. Flanders has pointed out a bovine error in our last Winter issue, where Illustrator Robert MacLean depicted the milking of a cow from the left side. Why right-handed milking became the custom, we have not been able to establish, any more than why a horse is mounted from its left or "near" side. But Senator Flanders is traditionally correct, and our best defense seems to be that Mr. MacLean was picturing an "Eccentric Vermonter" at his chores.

VERMONT LIFE *Calendar of Autumn Events*

NOTE: All dates are inclusive. This data was compiled last spring, so is subject to change and is not complete. Write Publicity Director, Vermont Development Department, Montpelier 05602, for detailed information, supplementary free list and highway map.

CONTINUING EVENTS

Year 'Round: **Weston** Art exhib. 8-6, Sun. 12-6 **Waitsfield** Bundy Art Gallery 10-5 daily, 1-5 Sun. Closed Tues. Hol. & Nov.; **Burlington** Fleming Mus. Mon.-Fri. 9-4, Sun. 2-5; **Montpelier** Vt. Hist. Soc. Mus. Mon.-Fri. 8-4:30; **Middlebury** Sheldon Mus. June-Oct. 15 10-5 exc. Sun., Oct. 16-June 1 Tues. & Thurs. 1-5; **Bennington** Benn. Gallery 10-5:30; **St. Johnsbury** Atheneum Art Gallery Mon.-Sat. 10-5, also Museum & Planetarium; **Bellows Falls** Old Town Rockingham Meeting House 10-4, Rockingham Free Public Lib. Mus. exc. Wed. 2-4; **Montpelier** Wood Art Gallery; **Northfield** Norwich U. Mus.; **So. Royalton** Joseph Smith Mem. 7-7; **Manchester** sva Village Gallery 10-5, Sun. 1-5.
To Dec. 31: **Grand Isle** Ferry to Plattsburgh.
To Dec. 15: **So. Royalton** Vermont Sugar House 10-5, Displays & movies.
To Dec. 1: **Bennington** Battle Monument; **Reading** Hist. Soc. Wed. 2-5.
To First Snow: **Stowe** Mt. Mansfield Toll Rd.
To Nov. 30: **Bennington** Museum 9-6; **Grandma** Moses Exhibit.
To Nov. 10: **Burlington** Ferry to Port Kent.
Nov. 9-24 Regular Deer Season
To Nov. 3: **Shoreham** Ferry to Ticonderoga.
To Oct. 31: **Graniteville** Quarry Tours. **Chester** Art Guild 10-5, Sun. 1-5.
To Oct. 30: **Rutland** Chaffee Art Gallery 10:30-5:30, Sun. 1-5.
To Oct. 20: **Proctor** Vt. Marble Exhib. 8:30-5:30; **Shelburne** Museum 9-5; **Manchester** Bromley Chair Lift 10-5; **Dorset** Country Store Butterfly & Bug Exhibit 9-5; Baked Goods sale Weekends.
To Oct. 15: **Brownington** Old Stone House Mus.; **Woodstock** Ottauquechee Mus. Mon., Wed., Fri. 12-4; **St. Johnsbury** Maple Mus. 8-5, weekdays 9-5 Sat. & Sun.; **Weston** Grist Mill & Craft Shop; **Newfane** Hist. Soc. Sun. & Hol. 2-5:30, Inq. eve. programs.
To Oct. 13: **Killington** Chair Lift 10-5; **Warren** Sugarbush Valley Gondola Lift 10-5; **No. Troy** Jay Peak Tramway 11-6.
To Oct. 12: **Weston** Farrar Mansur Mus. 1-5 exc. Sat. 10-5, closed Mon.; **Grafton** Hist. Soc. Mus. Sat. & Sun. 2:30-4:30.
Oct. 12-27 Bow and Arrow Deer Season
Sept. 28-Nov. 30 Partridge Season
To Sept. 20: **Proctor** Vt. International Sculptors' Symposium.
To Sept. 16: **Grafton** Westcorner Gallery 2-5.
To Sept. 15: **Strafford** Justin Smith Morrill House 1-4 exc. Mon.
To Sept. 2: **Green Mt. National Forest** Rec. Areas; **Bellows Falls** Adams Grist Mill Mus. 2-4; **Lake Bomoseen** Sailing Races Suns. 2; **Bellows Falls** Steamtown Rides & Mus.; **Chester** Art Guild 10-5, Sun. 2-5; **Grand Isle** Hyde Log Cabin.
To Sept. 1: **Orwell** Daniels Indian Mus. 9-5.

FALL SUPPERS

AUGUST

28: **Bristol** Supper 5:30-6:30.
31: **So. Newfane** Supper 5-7.

SEPTEMBER

2: **Sheffield** Chicken Barbecue noon.
8: **So. Hero** Chicken Pie Dinner 12.
11: **So. Ryegate** Chicken Pie Supper 5.
12: **Marshfield** Chicken Pie Supper 5.
17: **Riverton** Chicken Pie Dinner & Supper, noon and 5 & 6:30, Reserv. 223-5731.
19: **Fletcher** Chicken Pie Supper & Sale, 5 on.
21: **Waitsfield** Chicken Pie Supper and Sale, 5:30-7:30.
25: **Bristol** Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30 & 6:30; **E. Arlington** Chicken Pie Supper 5 on; **Sheffield** Chicken Pie Supper, 5:30 on.
26: **Fairfax** Chicken Pie Supper & Sale 5:30 on.
28: **Newbury** Chicken Pie Supper 5:30 on; **Jericho** Chicken Pie Supper & Sale 5:30 on; **Bradford** Chicken Pie Supper 5:30.
28-29: **Granby** & **Victory** Holiday in the Hills.
29: **Bridport** Chicken Pie Dinner 12:30.

OCTOBER

2: **Richmond** Chicken Pie Supper 5:30 on. **Barnet** Chicken Pie Supper 5 on.
3: **New Haven** Chicken Pie Supper 5, 6, 7 Reserv. 673-4912; **Waterbury** Center Chicken Pie Supper 5, 6, 7 Reserv. 244-7558.
3-5: **Weston** Antiques Show & Sale, Lunches & Dinners 11-8:30.
4: **St. Johnsbury** Harvest Supper & Country Collection Sale.
4-6: **Calais** Fall Festival, Dinners & Suppers.
5: **St. Johnsbury** Center Home-Coming Supper 5 on.
10: **Georgia Plain** Dinner & Turkey Supper, noon-2, 4:30 on; **Tunbridge** Annual Chicken Pie Supper 5, 6, 7, 8 Reserv. only.
12: **Weston** Chicken Pie Supper & Sale 5:30-7:30; **Greensboro** Bend & Stannard Game & Chicken Pie Supper 5 on; **Hartland** Supper & Sale 5:30-7; **Brownsville** Chicken Pie Supper 5 on; **West Newbury** Turkey Supper 5, 6, 7; **So. Pomfret** Turkey Supper & Grange Fair 5, 6, 7, 8.
19: **East Barnard** Oyster Supper 5-8.
22: **Riverton** Turkey Supper 5-6:30, Reserv. 223-5731.

NOVEMBER

2: **Hartland** Turkey Supper, 4:30-9:30 Reserv. tickets available.
7: **Marshfield** Harvest Supper 5 on.
9-10: **Newfane** Hunters' Breakfast 4-7.
14: **Barre** Universalist Ch. Fair, Lunch 12-1, Smorgasbord 5-7 by Reservation only.
16: **Bradford** Game Supper 5:30; **Newfane** Hunters Supper 5-7.
16-17: **Newfane** Hunters' Breakfast 4-7.
18: **Wells River** Lobster Supper.
20-21: **St. Johnsbury** Chicken Pie Supper 20th & Sale.
21: **Danville** Game Supper 6 on; **White River Jct.** Turkey Supper & Bazaar 10-7, Supper 5, 6, 7.
23: **Sherburne** Venison Supper 5 on.
23-24: **Newfane** Hunters' Breakfast 4-7.

DECEMBER

6: **Montpelier** Christmas Bazaar 9:30-9, Lunch noon.

SPECIAL EVENTS

AUGUST

26-31: **Essex Junction** Champlain Valley Exposition 8 a.m.-midnight.
27-31: **Woodstock** Little Theatre, The Owl and the Pussycat, Tues.-Sat. 8:30.
30-31: **Wilmington** Deerfield Valley Farmers Days.
31-Sept. 3: **Wilmington** Quilt Show, Norton House Museum.
29-31: **Woodstock** GMHA Family Pleasure Ride (50 miles).

SEPTEMBER

1: **Windsor** Blue Mt. Riding Club Horse Show, 10 a.m.
1-7: **Rutland** Fair 9-midnight.
2: **Charlotte** Pony Club Jr. Horse Show 8:30-5:30; **Sheffield** Field Day 10:30 on.
7: **Bellows Falls** Steamtown Rutland Fair Special Run 11:30 a.m.
8: **Pownal** GMHA Horse Show, Green Mt. Park.
13-15: **Tunbridge** Fair.
14: **Bennington** Antique & Classic Car Show 10 a.m.
14-15: **Woodstock** GMHA Carriage Drive.
21: **Springfield** ASTM Golf Day.
22: **E. Middlebury** Horse Show; **Pomfret** Historical Society Tour, 2.
22-28: **Manchester** Antique Car Rally, 23rd Annual Glidden Tour.
26: **Rutland** Vt. Ayrshire Club Sale, Fair Grounds.
27-29: **Stowe** Folk Music & Dance Festival.
28: **Newbury** Lord's Acre Auction 1 p.m.
28-29: **Bellows Falls** Westminster Art Show & Sale, Big Red Barn 10-5.
30: **Walden** Fall Foliage Festival Day 10-6.

OCTOBER

3-4: **St. Johnsbury** Country Collection Sale 9:30-7.
4-5: **Montpelier** Square Dance Festival.
4-6: **Woodstock** GMHA Foliage Ride; **Burlington** Conf. of N.E. Hist. Societies; **Danville** Water Dowsers' Convention; **Ludlow** Antiques Show & Sale 10-9, Sun. 10-6.
4-13: **Stratton Mt.** Arts Festival 10-5.
5: **Waitsfield** Harvest Sale 7:30; **Mendon** Harvest Bazaar & auction, 10 on.
10-12: **Bennington** Antique Show & Sale 10-9.
17: **Winooski** Fanny Allen Hosp., Card Party 7:30.
28-29: **Woodstock** GMHA Ride 10-3.

NOVEMBER

2: **Fair Haven** Food sale 10-3.
7: **Montpelier** Cracker Barrel Fair, Dessert & coffee 6-9.
14: **Springfield** Ch. Bazaar; **Montpelier** Christmas Bazaar 8:30-1:30.
20: **Underhill** Bazaar 1:30-8.
30: **Middlebury** Mem. Field House, Dance & "Follies", 8:30-1.

DECEMBER

6: **Fair Haven** Ch. Bazaar 10-8.
6-7: **Bristol** Christmas Bazaar.

No dinner invitation is
quite as tempting as the

Sweet and Smoky

aroma of a fine Vermont ham baking

by LOUISE ANDREWS KENT

Photograph by HANSON CARROLL

WHEN HER FAMILY has a reunion, Mrs. Appleyard likes to have a Vermont ham on hand — and why not? The last time she cooked one, she had an idea that worked well. Instead of simmering the ham in water and later baking it, she did the whole thing in a 200° oven. She started a ten pound ham, bone in, at ten o'clock one night, basted it twice during the first hour, then went to bed and slept peacefully. The next morning all Appleyard Center smelled sweet and smoky and the ham was cooked just right. That evening it was the centerpiece of this menu:

BAKED VERMONT HAM	MUSTARD SAUCE
CAULIFLOWER WITH BEETS AND BEANS	
TOSSED GREEN SALAD	POPOVERS
FRUIT IN SEASON	VERMONT CHEESE

BAKED VERMONT HAM

1/2 cup fine bread crumbs	1 cup brown sugar
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon	1/2 cup ginger ale
1 teaspoon dry mustard	1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/4 teaspoon allspice	1/2 cup fizzy cider

Whole cloves

The only skin that needs to be removed from one of Mrs. Appleyard's favorite Vermont hams is a piece around the shank. Score the ham in diagonal lines about 3/4 of an inch apart to make diamonds. Press whole cloves into the intersections. Mix crumbs, sugar, mustard, allspice and cinnamon. Rub some of the mixture into the surface of the ham and sprinkle on the rest. Mix ginger ale, cider and ginger and pour mixture into the roaster. Put the ham on a rack in the roaster. Insert meat thermometer in the ham so it does not touch bone or fat. Set pan in a 200° oven. Baste ham twice the first hour. Cover it with chef's foil and forget it till morning. The thermometer should register 165° and the outside should be golden brown. If necessary, let it go on cooking till it reaches this stage. Set it where it will cool but do not refrigerate it. Serve it at room temperature.

Cauliflower in a Wreath

1 large cauliflower	2 packages frozen beans, French cut
1 1/2 cups beets, cut in matchstick pieces	1/2 teaspoon garlic powder (optional)
2 tablespoons butter	1/4 cup slivered almonds, browned
1 cup bread crumbs	Salt and pepper to taste
	Extra butter

Remove all green leaves and stalk from the cauliflower. Steam it till tender but not mushy — about 20 minutes. The

beets should be cooked ahead of time or canned beets may be used. Heat them over boiling water with a tablespoon of butter. Cook the beans according to directions on the package. Toss crumbs in 2 tablespoons of butter and cook until golden brown. Add seasonings. Put cauliflower on a large, hot, round platter. Sprinkle crumbs over it. Arrange beets in a ring around it, then the beans in a larger ring. Scatter browned almond slivers over the beans. Serve it forth — a sort of vegetable boar's head.

Mustard Sauce (CB & NC)

1 pint heavy cream	Salt to taste
1/2 cup sugar	2/3 cup cider vinegar
4 tablespoons dry mustard	2 egg yolks

Heat half the cream and the sugar over hot, not boiling, water. Stir well. Mix mustard and salt with the vinegar and add them slowly to the heated cream and sugar. Beat egg yolks slightly with a wire whisk. Add some of the sauce to them, about 3 tablespoons of it, one at a time. Mix well and then add this egg-and-sauce mixture to the sauce, stirring it in gently. Cook until the sauce starts to thicken — about 3 minutes. Cool. Whip the remaining cream and stir it in.

Popovers (12 - 15)

1 tablespoon butter	3 large eggs
1 1/2 cups milk	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups flour, sifted 3 times	Extra butter for pans

Mrs. Appleyard found it hard to get the same amount of batter in each pan so — to get them half full — she uses a wooden tab, the kind intended as a marker for plants. She ruled a line on it to show half the depth of her teflon muffin pans and she fills the pans till the batter comes up to the mark. Set them first with butter to melt in them, she says, into a 450° oven. Put all the ingredients into the blender. Blend three minutes. Stop half way through and push any flour that has stuck to the side into the batter with a rubber scraper. Use the marker and fill each pan half full. Bake 30 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°. Bake 10 to 15 minutes longer. Remove muffins from pans. Make tiny slits to let steam escape. Turn off oven. Popovers not used at once will keep hot without getting soggy.

A big bowl of the handsomest grapes, pears, apples and oranges with a wheel of Vermont cheese and some melba toast was all Mrs. Appleyard served for dessert. Her guests seemed reasonably well nourished.

A listing of Vermont Ham producers is carried on page 56 in the Post Boy column.





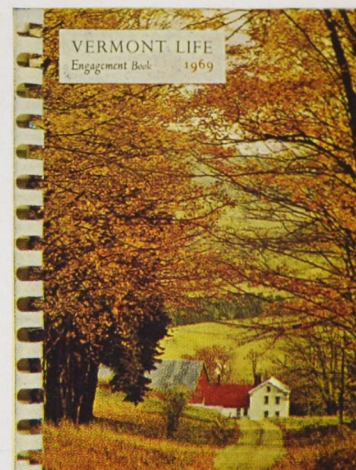
TREASURES

FROM THE STORES OF VERMONT LIFE

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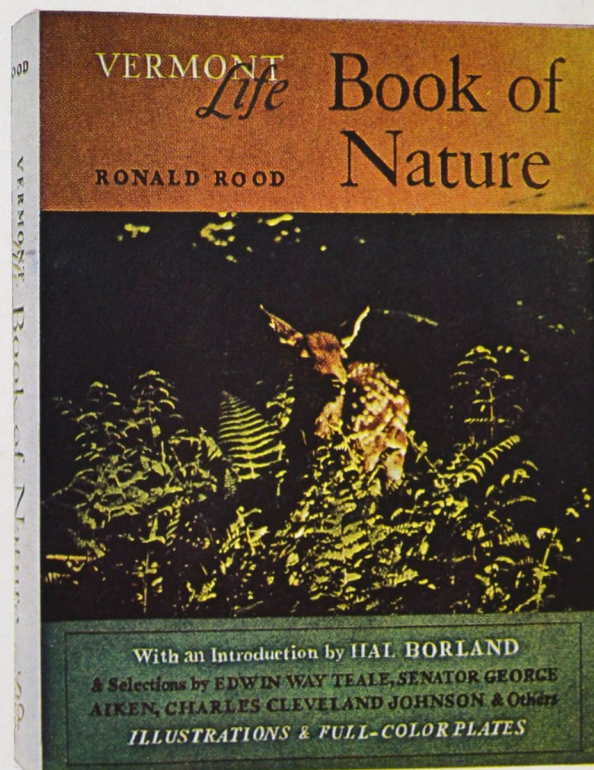


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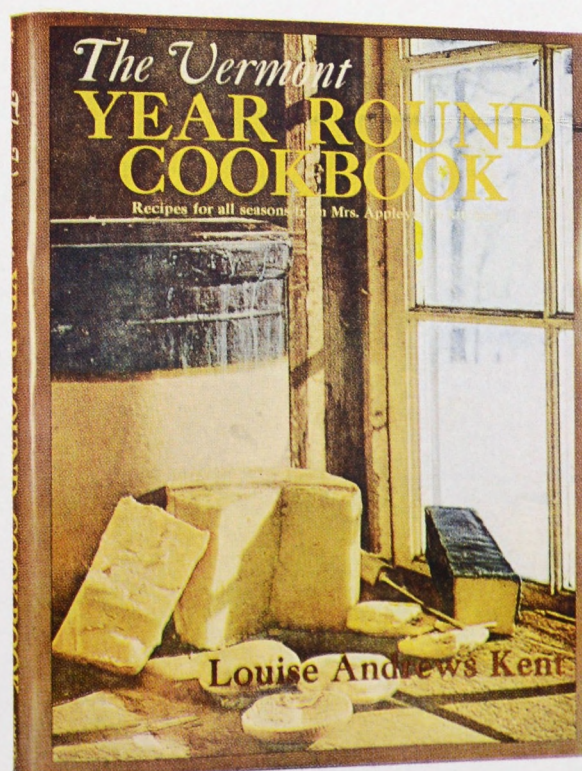


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The music that I care to hear.*

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS